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THE BARD,

AND

MINOR POEMS.

THE BARD,

AND

MINOR POEMS.

BY JOHN WALKER ORD,
Author of "England," a Poem, &c.

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY JOHN LODGE.

SECOND EDITION.

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Dedication to

H. R. H. the Prince Albert.

In dedicating the following verses to your Royal Highness, I beg, at the same time, to express my feelings of attachment for your person, admiration of your many virtues, and respect to the illustrious family to which you belong.

I have been induced to offer the present humble tribute to your Royal Highness, because your Royal Highness, also, has studied deeply the accomplishment of verse, and become a proficient in the divine art of Poetry: an art which has not, in other times, been considered unworthy of the study and patronage of royalty.

That your Royal Highness may be enabled, by the lustre of your name, and the force of your character, to maintain in honourable consideration a gift as successfully cultivated in your own country as in ours, and that your Royal Highness may ever rank as high in letters as in station, is the sincere hope of

Your Royal Highness'

Obedient, humble servant,

J. L.

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PREFACE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

As the Public will naturally inquire my reasons for trespassing on their attention at the advanced age to which I have attained, I consider it a duty incumbent on me to state, as briefly as possible, the motives which have induced me to venture thus far into the field of Literature. In the first place, I may premise that my whole life has been spent, more or less, among the productions of our best authors; and, if I have not myself been an author, I am not the less impressed with feelings of respect and veneration for those illustrious minds who have gone before, and who, through all difficulties and dangers, have attempted to scale

"The height where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

On Poetry as an art, or, rather, as an original gift, I have always looked with the warmest admiration, and have ever acknowledged its pre-eminent claims over all other branches of human acquirement. If not of divine origin, it is still inherited from divine authority, and possesses a divine tendency; for, according to Bishop Horne, and other eminent ecclesiastical writers, the Sacred Word

itself, the foundation of all truth, is vastly indebted for its pomp and sublimity to the high and magnificent inspiration of the Poets. It maintained its distinguished prerogatives amongst the greatest and wisest nations of antiquity, and history informs us that the notes of the lyre were heard louder than the storms of war, or the noise and dissonance of conquest.

Among these early nations, Poetry was the first record of the laws, the histories, the religious observances, and of the renowned acts of heroes and kings. China, Assyria, Egypt, India, Greece, Rome, and other ancient kingdoms, were all indebted to the Poets for that height of civilisation which they afterwards attained. Nor has our own country been less successful than others in the labours and triumphs of her Poets. Notwithstanding the immortal endeavours of the Homers, Pindars, and Virgils of former ages, yet England, lonely, dissevered, and remote as she is, has produced Poets equal in renown to the most eminent of antiquity; and we may safely pronounce that the poetical genius of Spencer, Shakespeare and Milton, will enjoy not less resplendent lustre to the latest period of the generations of the earth.

To inquire, however, into the character, claims, and acquisitions of Poetry, is a task which, in this place, would neither be suitable nor profitable. All whose hearts are in the right place have felt its influence and acknowledged its beauties. To quote the elegant language of Lamartine —"Poetry is man himself, it is the instinct of all his epochs; it is the eternal echo of all his human impressions; it is the voice of thinking and feeling humanity, resumed

and modulated by certain men; it is the *mens divinior* which hovers over this tumultuous and confused noise of generations, which will last after them, and which will bear witness to posterity of their lamentations and joys, of their deeds and ideas. This voice will never be extinguished on earth, for it is not the invention of man. It is God himself who has imparted it to him, and it is the first cry which has ascended to him from the human race. It is the last cry the Creator will hear rising from his work when he annihilates it: emanating from him it will ascend to him."

Bearing on the same point, stands the appropriate and eloquent testimony of the celebrated French author, George Sand:—"They tell us that Poetry is dying; but Poetry cannot die. Had she for place of sojourn but one human heart, there would still be ages of existence before her; for she would issue thence like the lava of the volcano, and strike out a path for herself amidst the dreariest realities. Though her temples be overthrown, and false gods worshipped amongst their ruins, she is still as immortal as the perfume of flowers, as the glory of the heavens. Banished from the high places of society, and rejected by the rich—shut out of the Theatre, the Church, the Academy—she will take refuge with the citizen and the mechanic, and she will intermingle herself with the simplest details of their daily life. Weary of uttering a language which the great no longer comprehend, she will murmur, in the ear of the humble, words of affection and sympathy. And in Germany, has she not descended already into the cellars of the tavern? Has she not sat at

the spinning-wheel? Has she not cradled in her arms the infants of the poor? Are we to count for nothing all those living souls who possess her, who suffer and keep silence before men, but weep before the Almighty? solitary voices, which surround the earth with an universal harmony, and are united in heaven,—wandering gleams, which return I know not to what mysterious star, perhaps to ancient Apollo's self, to descend again and again upon the earth, and nourish the divine and never-dying flame?"

Nor can it be justly argued that our more modern writers, notwithstanding the frequency of assertions to the contrary, have lost any of that fire, spirit, and originality, which distinguished their more venerable progenitors. The Poets of the last century have nobly emulated their illustrious predecessors, and it may be greatly questioned if any previous era in our history, not excepting the brilliant reign of Elizabeth, has produced so glorious a result as that to which Wordsworth, Coleridge, Campbell, Byron, Southey, Moore, Shelley, Wilson, Montgomery, and others, have so largely contributed.

At the present moment it is, I know, contended, that Poetry has lost a considerable portion of its former influence; and, moreover, that the writers of the present day are greatly inferior to those illustrious poets previously alluded to. This position may be questioned; for, although it cannot be denied that the age has become practical, mechanical, and speculative, beyond precedent, and that the bias of the public mind has been diverted through these causes from the lighter, less substantial, and, it may be, less *useful* products of the imagination and fancy, yet

we believe that the power of producing Poetry remains now as active and vigorous as in former times, and that, were the tide of popular patronage directed into the right channel, Poets would spring up equally zealous, devoted, and enthusiastic, and that works might yet be produced to emulate the most daring and successful achievements of our Poetic luminaries. Were it not so, then might the Poets exclaim, in the divine language of our immortal Milton:—

> "Alas, what boots it, with incessant care
> To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
> And *strictly meditate the thankless Muse?*
> Were it not better done, as others use,
> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?"

Yea, while the outward forms of Nature retain their purity and loveliness; the skies their rich azure; the trees, rocks, and mountains, their magnificence; the rivers and seas their voices of might and melody,—Poetry—ever fair and ever rejoicing Poetry—will still uphold its primitive authority, and display its ancient powers and privileges throughout the Universe! For Poetry must in its essence be eternal, inasmuch as the sources from which it springs are infinite, and the purposes to which it is devoted are everlasting. On this subject the reputation of the ancient Poets descending through so many thousand years, is of itself an irrefragable testimony. Troy is no more, and the three towns which contended for the honour of Homer's birth are crumbled to the dust—but the writings of the author of the Iliad and Odyssey still remain immortal,

and have outlived all the cities through which the "blind beggar" solicited for food.

> "Three mighty towns contend for Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

Finally, I might here quote the beautiful and affecting testimony of Sir W. Temple, Baron Belfield, Addison, Warton, Dr. Johnson, the Author of the "Turkish Spy," and, more recently, of Campbell, Wordsworth, Wilson, Hazlitt, Jeffrey, and other eminent critics, in corroboration of my opinions, but for the present I shall content myself with merely referring to the fact.

With regard to my motives for introducing the present work to the attention of the public, I may be permitted to state, that I have been incited to the task through grief at observing productions, which had conveyed pleasure to myself and others, scattered about in different quarters, which, if not collected, were soon likely to be lost or destroyed. I understood, moreover, that the author, whom I had known intimately from childhood, had no intention whatever of publishing those Poems, and therefore I felt it both a duty and inclination (notwithstanding inconvenience to myself) to step forward, conscious I should possess the support and patronage of all real lovers of Literature, and especially of that large locality to which he had become endeared by his character and genius.

J. L.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES, 1841.

NOTE TO THE READER.

THE first poem, "The Bard," was written many years ago, amidst the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland, when the author was in his nineteenth year; which circumstance will plead an excuse with the critics and the public for any of those errors of the judgment, fancy, or imagination, which may appear in the present pages. The various scenes and descriptions of nature are entirely local, and will be sufficiently familiar to those acquainted with the scenery of the lakes. In other respects the poem seems intended to represent the vague and impassioned yearnings of an irregular and disappointed affection; and both plot and design have been apparently sacrificed to the fuller development of these impulses. The objections that may be urged on this point, will be such as have already been brought against "Alastor," the "Epipsychidion," and other poems of youthful passion and imagination.

The remaining poems in the collection were composed at intervals snatched from more laborious pursuits, and now appear in their present arrangement for the first time.

Some of them have already been printed in Magazines, Annuals, and the current Periodicals of the day; but the

greater part are new to the general reader, and for this reason have been selected on the present occasion.

With these brief comments, the Editor presents them with confidence to his friends, and trusts they will not be deemed unworthy of the approbation of the public.

J. L.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES, 1841.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In presenting the Second Edition of "The Bard and Minor Poems" to the Public, the Author feels it an incumbent duty to return his best thanks for the warm and cordial manner in which his poetical efforts have been supported.

To his friends in Stockton-on-Tees, he is proud to offer his individual acknowledgment; for without their generous patronage, the present volume might for ever have remained in oblivion.

To the public generally the Author must always feel grateful. They have supported him in many arduous and anxious efforts; and to their generous sympathy he attributes many years of successful exertion in behalf of their political rights, and, he may add, of their literary recreation.

With regard to the Poems hitherto offered to the Public, the Author can only say, that they are the free effusions of gratitude. Profit he would have spurned and despised; and he has always felt amply rewarded by the kind approbation of his many friends. The endeavour of the Author has simply been to preserve the spirit of poetry alive and active amidst the bustle of commerce and the spread of enterprise; to maintain it in its primitive beauty and

vitality; and to uphold it in its former freedom, and endowed with its ancient privileges.

If success has attended these efforts, he must attribute it to the unusual felicity (for a poet) of having lived, for many years, familiar with the forms of nature, in the midst of scenery at once beautiful and sublime: if he has failed, it must be attributable to the overawing feeling of reverence and adoration with which he has humbled himself before the productions of those great masters of the divine art of poetry, whose productions he has ever felt incapable of overmatching.

But whether in triumph or defeat, he can always reiterate with Coleridge, "Poetry has been to me its *own exceeding great reward.*"

J. W. O.

GUISBOROUGH, YORKSHIRE, 1841.

THE BARD.

THE BARD.

PART I.

I.

A WIDE, wide moor, and all alone!
  And the winter blasts are cold and chill;
And the snowy cliff, and desert stone,
  Of the holy moonlight take their fill.
No scent is here of the flowering plain,
  No city sound, nor voice of trees;
No murmur of the woodland strain,
  Nor flow of stream and breeze.

These heaths are sacred to the storm—
  The storm-king, on his desert throne;
And sacred to the rapturous form
  Of Bard that walks alone.
The moon hath here no spots of green,
  The stars no mirror for their eyes;
Grim desolation rules the scene
  With tempests from the skies.
Yet pleasant still the moorland tongue,
  The language Solitude doth love;

For here hath Inspiration sung
  The joys that at her heart-strings move!
Silence doth kindle heavenly lore—
  Each songster hath an angel wing;
And music murmurs evermore,
  And makes the hill-tops ring.

II.

Ah! who is here amid the snow,
  The dews all frozen in his hair,
Cold drops of ice upon his brow—
  That forehead bright and fair!
His lips are trembling in the chill,
  His robes float streaming on the gale;
And the wild voices of the hill
  Sound o'er him, like a demon's wail.
On the cold ground the form doth rest,
  Beneath the blasts of night;
The snow-flakes slumber on his breast,
  In their careerings light.

"Poor youth, some frantic grief is thine—
  Some canker at thy brain;
Grief's chains of molten fire entwine
  Thy heart, thou second Cain!"

"Thou lonely shape, why linger here,
  Whilst frowns the winter cloud?
Even now I list the storm-winds near,
  And the torrents thundering loud!

Where are the loved, that long ago
  Did clasp thee to their breast?
Alas, if they beheld thy woe,
  In the grave they could not rest!
Behold that brow so flush'd and wild,
  Where quiet peace no more shall lie:
Thy father weeps to see his child,
  Amid the songs on high.
That quivering lip, why its unrest?
  Those wither'd hands, why are they prest
Above that sad and weary breast,
  As in dying agony?
Like one who in a wilderness,
  Where flower nor streamlet dwells,
Long time he hopes some sight may bless,
  Of fragrant bloom, or spring that wells
Sweet crystal drink from out the sand:
  But neither these, nor fruitful tree,
Rejoice in all that barren land!
  Then, whither shall the wanderer flee?
How doth he on the hot ground lie,
  In piteous prayer, lamenting loud?
Like a worn child, he sinks to die,
  And the white desert is his shroud."

III.

"Arise, arise! if there be none
  To comfort and assuage thy woe,
I, even like thee, depress'd and lone,
  With thee o'er these wild wastes will go,
  And soothe thee when the tempests blow.

What though the storms of life are strong,
  And Desolation rides the air;—
What though impell'd by fear and wrong,
  And hunted by Despair?
There yet are hopes, thy soul shall know
  Life's pleasant flowerets are not dead;
Thou'lt hear the joyous waters flow,
  And mountain breezes fan thy head.
The pious lore of ancient men
  Shall greet thee in thy lonely bower,
And magic of the wood and glen
  Entrance the passing hour.
Along each happy solitude,
  Still beauty walks in joy and pride;
And love shall smooth thy pathways rude,
  And lure thee to her side.
What if the lady of thy love
  Hath scorn'd thee, and denied her smiles;
Or if she tread the skies above,
  Amid the heavenly isles?
Lament not,—give thou scorn for scorn,—
  Or tears and blessings, if no more:
Though storm to-night, to-morrow morn
  The sun will gladden every shore."

From underneath his even brow
  The shadow o'er his eyes was gone;
In the clear air uprose he now,
  All pale as sculptur'd stone.

Beauteous and brave, he once had been
  Among the mountains like a god;
No spot of all this varied scene
  His footsteps had not trod.
His soul had drank each new delight,
  Each impulse swell'd his heaving breast;
And Nature, in her power and might,
  His being and his life imprest.
The morning hue, the evening dream,
  The ocean's calm, or stormy deep,
These lit with joy, each favour'd theme,
  And linger'd in his sleep.
No earthly maid might shield her love,
  From him, amid the festal throng:
So bright, as if from heaven above,
  A seraph moved along:
Some shadow of the imaged thought,
Which fancy to a maid hath brought,—
A maiden wanderer of the wood,
In love's ecstatic solitude.

* * * *

IV.

The man of pride—the stately man—
  What is he, when grief's death-winds blow?
He, who through thousand tempests ran,
  Now sadly droops in tearful woe.
Amid the chambers of the brain,
  The waves of death in terror flow;
Like eagles stricken to the plain,
  Lies Fancy and her champions low.

Wild are its steps, and wild its eyes,
  And bloodshot with the tears of blood;
Whilst shapes of hell and tempest rise,
  And haunt its spectral solitude.
Thus, like a lute's harmonious dreaming,
  When heaven and all its winds are still,
On some lake-side, melodious streaming,
  Angelic notes o'er grove and hill.
Some chord is broke,—no more the wind
  Bears dulcet music on the ear;
So, with the fibres of the mind
  Unstrung, they murmur of the bier.

V.

"Now, tell me youth, how, without dread,
  Thou darest by night these hills of storm?
Why on the cliff-stone rest thy head,
  On the cold snows thy pallid form?
Say what the unmitigable woe
  That gnaws within that aching brain?
Who is the tyrant—who the foe—
  The author of thy pain?

"If of the tyrant thou hast fear,
  Proclaim him, let the warning sound;
Ten thousand patriot hands will rear
  Their standard from this rocky ground:
Ten thousand warriors will arise,
  Like thee opprest, like thee subdued;
And Freedom's glorious sacrifice
  Be charter'd with their blood!

"Or say—hath LOVE's entrancing chain
  Thee vanquish'd, that hath vanquish'd all?
Even then thy hope shall spring again,
  The prouder for its fall."

VI.

"I'll tell thee all: Long, long ago,
  Ere dreams were thought, my father died;
And in one year—Oh, memory wild!—
  His wife lay buried by his side!
Long years have fled; but yet I see
  The pale, cold face, that smiled in death,—
The eyes so bright, now dark to me,—
  The warbling cadence of her breath—
Those tones so clear and free.
I treasure well the voice of prayer!
  The green grave-side all wet with rain;
The heavenly voice that fill'd the air,
  And slowly spake amid my pain
Of anguish and despair.

"And one sad night—when sorrow's sleep
  Wrought fever in this weary head,
And, all in vain, I strove to weep
  In memory of the dead—
A spirit came from heaven above:
  Her head all clothed in glory bright,—
  Her eye serene with heavenly light,—
The lambent light of love.

Her face so rapturously shone,
That, when at first the floating shade
Came radiant o'er my drooping head,
I was with fear undone."

VII.

Now morning rose upon the sky,
The waters and the winds were still;
Peace ruled each quiet cottage nigh,
Each valley, grove, and hill.
The mists along the lake lay sleeping,
The dews still prest each blade of grass,
The idle brooks their notes of weeping
Chant dolefully as on they pass.
In the clear waters calmly lie
All shadows of rock, flower, and tree;
The clouds unto their pastures fly,
And the coral depths are free.
What though sweet love of human life
Rejoices not that crystal deep,—
No brooding care, no clanging strife,
Disturbs the heavenly sleep?
Those cottages, the sportive glee
Of children, by the green hill side,
In the clear waves are mirror'd free,
As down the depths they glide.

Rejoice, ye glorious scenes, rejoice!
That not in vain your murmurs sound;

That not in vain ye bear a voice
  Of power that girds us round.
Ye have no eye, nor tongue of fear—
  Not vainly glows your summer dress;
The stars behold ye in their sphere,
  And the moon loves your forms to bless
  Far in their pearly wilderness.

Lo! the soft echoes waken round
  Of bleating lamb, and shepherd boy:
From all the earth leaps forth the sound
  Of merriment and joy!
Exultant from the dust starts up
  A spirit of the heavenly air—
The lark, to swell her daily cup
  Of offering to the morn's young star.
A thousand myriad hymns I hear,
  Of voice and echo, at heaven's gate;
Glory seraphic sounds within mine ear—
  Oh, never can it sate!
Glad choristers, that fragrantly do go
  Out from the yellow broom, singing so sweet;
How do I bless you for the strains that flow
  Of love and joy from your aërial seat!
Again! oh, yet again! that dulcet shower,
Which through the azure deeps ye thus profusely pour!

VIII.

Now through the prismy dews we moved along,
  Past the dark broom, and by the forest steep,

Till far away, broad sycamores amông,
  A snow-white cottage lit the foliage deep.
In spiral wreaths the smoke ascended high,
  And winded softly through morn's ruby light;
How sweet a place,—how calm,—to live and die
  Enwrapt in visions of poetic might!

Sudden the youth!—
"O bright, bright skies! O sunshine ever fair!
  How often have ye darken'd since I knew
What glorious visitations died in air,
  Since here the flower most loved, most cherish'd, grew?
The honey-bees' sweet work-song fill'd my soul
  Soft from those sycamores in ancient day;
And o'er my waken'd spirit oft would roll,
  Even as an angel's song, the blackbird's lay.
And *she* would sing, whose voice was sweeter far
  Than all the birds that warble on the bough,
Than all the marvels of each sphered star,—
  Where, where breathe on those heavenly murmurs now?
I wont to feel a joyous bounding *here*—
  Here, at the heart,—but *that* hath fled away;
And *now* the fiend Remorse, the spectre Fear,
  Watch ceaselessly the portals night and day.
A wither'd tree, the youngest in the grove,
  Leafless and lost, the rest in foliage strong;
Where never come the balmy winds of love,
  Sunlight, nor fruitage, nor the forest song.

"Wilt thou hear more? Long, long ago,
  A beauteous phantom did appear:
When first she came I scarcely know,
  So swiftly flew each happy year.

I ne'er again may hope to feel
  Those joys, those raptures of the soul;
Nor e'er in human words reveal
  The bondage of her sweet control.
To hear her voice, to watch her eyes,
  To listen when her footsteps came,—
O nought beneath yon blessed skies
  Could match the maid I may not name!
Not angels, when with quivering lip
  They list the music of the spheres,
Such charms could boast, such pleasures sip,
  As broke entranced upon mine ears:
So sweet the virgin dreams of love—
  So fair the azure robes of truth,—
Like firstling blossoms from above,
  And pure as heaven, the hopes of youth!

"She knew all birds by each peculiar note—
  Each fragrant wild-flower, each particular hue;
And the dear music warbling in her throat,
  Fix'd in my beating heart the knowledge true.
Each grot remote, each woodland bower we knew,
  Each waterfall rejoicing in the breeze,—
Each change of Summer, each delightful hue
  Of Autumn's twilight, and the forest trees.

Her brow was as a tablet, rich and fair,
  Whereon were thoughts divine, like garlands wove;
Her eyes, like summer springs, were bright and clear,
  And her sweet lips were musical with love!
Her hair, like clouds of night, descended low—
  Her neck like snow beneath a raven's wing;
Whilst grace and elegance, combined to throw
  Angelic beauty on this blessed thing!
Her dimpled cheek the rapture of a dream;
  Her foot's fine curve might match Diana's bow;
Her voice, as when, at night, the silver stream
  Of Derwent's waves arrest the moonbeam's glow!
Gazing on her, I saw no more
  The splendours of the earth and sky;
The waves fell voiceless on the shore—
  The winds swept lyreless by.
Around her beauteous breast, the snow-god placed
  The holiest veil that decks his inner shrine;
O'er all her limbs, devotional love had traced
  Spiritual brightness, tenderness divine—
  As vestal, loved by godhead, did she shine!

IX.

Woe to the generations! ever woe!
  That love should fade like wavelet of the sea;
Nor summer clouds, enrich'd by evening's glow,
  Nor rainbow-splendour are so frail as thee!
Yet beautiful as diamond in the mine,
  Or glow-worm dreaming in some mossy dell;

One ray of sunlight, where lone captives pine—
  One star rejoicing o'er some mountain well!
But, lo! the winter clouds o'erspread the sky,
  And winter tempests whistle through the air;
Love's fruits and flowers are left to fade and die,
  Her bridegroom Sorrow, and her fruit Despair.

"Through leagues of weary wandering must we go,
  Who seek the bowers of Love's immortal sway;
Amid the gloom entangling creepers grow,
  Whilst every poisonous herb pollutes the way
But, lo! the gorgeous temples where they stand,
  What glorious visions burst upon the eye;
In prime of youth glows all the blushing land,
  With tints as radiant as an eastern sky.
Here lurk no craven fears, no base desires—
  Nor dread, nor doubt, nor sorrow borne in vain;
But love encircles with celestial fires,
  And lights the sacred shrines of heart and brain.

"Yea, joys are thine, unequall'd else beside,
  Of nations in their first, their fairest prime;
When lovers revell'd in the early pride
  Of the world's youth, ere yet unstain'd with crime.
Oh, Love, that with the primrose of the vale,
  Or violet of the morn, was pure and bright;
Whilst clouds of fragrance swept along the gale,
  From woodbine bowers of gladness and delight!
How joyous then!—ere vessel trod the wave,
  Or cities tower'd—abodes of lust and wrong;

When sea-nymphs revell'd in each coral cave,
  And Dryads charm'd the forests with their song.

"Then, touch'd with heavenly fire, each fairest maid,
  In sweet submission, tuned the amorous lay;
Nor fear'd to meet her lover in the shade,
  Beneath the tender moon's alluring ray.
Then shone the stars on true-love's purest kiss—
  The birth of passion, ere the sting of pain;
Whilst earthly trust aspired to heavenly bliss:
  When shall we know these blessed hours again!

"Love is Religion's handmaid: on her brow
  Shine lights of heaven; and, cinctur'd on her head,
Glow amaranthine wreaths; whilst round her flow
  Strains, tender and sublime, that might arouse the
    dead!"

THE BARD.

PART II.

I.

"WITHIN a grotto of the ancient wood,
  With my beloved at even-tide I lay:
Soon must I leave this cherish'd solitude,
  And to the distant city wend my way,"
I said,—"And though 'twill break this trusting heart,
  To leave those landscapes in their beauteous prime,
And from thine own beloved self to part,—
  Oh! there are other cliffs than these to climb,—
And other walks, where flowers as fragrant grow,—
And other skies, than where yon eaglets soar,—
And other boundless space, than this resounding shore."

She bow'd her forehead down upon my breast,
  And her sweet eyes look'd upward into mine;
Then softly murmur'd, and more closely prest,—
  "But I, my love, for ever more am thine!
Old Autumn hath put on his crown, and, lo!
  The forest robed in all its thousand dyes;
The stormy winds their trumpet-chorus blow,

In chant unearthly, where the pine-grove lies :
But *my* Love's autumn never can arise.
Like yon bright star thy memory still shall be ;
Affection's dreams, hope's raptures yet shall rise,
To fill my soul with constant dreams of *thee*.

"But, oh! I feel, as if I never more—
Shall never more caress this blessed head :
When thou returnest from the distant shore,
I shall be slumbering with the silent dead.
For, oh, beloved! strange dreams disturb my sight :
And once I saw thee, dearest, wan and ill,
Driven by a horrid spectre, ghastly bright,
With cutting sword, o'er river, field, and hill.
No cliff so fearful, where thou didst not go,—
No hot, nor cold, too terrible for thee ;
And down thy limbs I saw the hot blood flow,
And long red wounds most pitiful to see."

I kiss'd her snow-white brow, I kiss'd her eyes ;
And pointing upward to the evening star :
"Sooner," I said, "from yon embracing skies,
From their enduring and immortal car,
The beams of liquid light shall die away,
Than shall my heart's eternal love decay!
I swear by the great ocean, changing never ;
I swear by the far mountains, rear'd sublime ;
I swear by the bright moon, still young for ever,
That I must love thee to remotest time!
Listen ye glimmering stars, and hear my vow,—
Spirits that haunt the moonbeams, come and hear :

These all are mine,—this face, these eyes, this brow;
And when I love not, come thou mournful bier!"

Now fell the shadows over ocean old;
Each star-like ship, each rainbow-colour'd hull,
And streamy pennant that in ether roll'd,
Return'd the waves their colours beautiful.
Sleep held the slumbering giant by the throat,
So sullen, like a dying thing it lay:
High o'er the trees, swell'd every sweetest note,
A requiem for the sun, at close of day—
Anon, chimed forth o'er heaven of stars the bright array!

II.

"Mine own beloved, my beautiful," I said,
"Here must we part, my beautiful, my own:
Still bear aloft to heaven this radiant head,
These tresses hang their golden treasures down.
The loveliest forms of earth to thee will cling,
And angels gaze upon thee from the sky:
Within thy sleep all sounds divinest ring,
And win to sights of joy thy dreaming eye.
No evil thing dare touch thy hallow'd feet—
No savage creature venture in thy sight;
Virtue by God's own footstool hath her seat,
Throned in the splendour of the central light.
And I will tell thee of the wondrous things
That guide the passions of the many men;
And every scroll, borne forth on love's swift wings,
Shall also bear my heart into this glen."

Then claspt I her unto my breaking heart,
  Whilst she, in floods of tears, dissolved lay:
Alas, we must not, shall not, cannot part,
  Nor ever over-live this mournful day!"
I heard her not—I kiss'd her more and more;
  And breathing in her ear—my last farewell!
All breathless, hurried to the distant shore—
  Then, pure this bosom as a mountain well.

"We parted, as at last *all love must part:*
  To the accursed city I did go;
I hear the heaving of her breaking heart,
  The utterance of her agony of woe.
Why, thou remorseless Heaven, not let me die?
  Why all these worlds of misery in vain?
Why that avenging sorrow in her eye?
  Why her sweet spirit bear such bitter pain?
The cataract rolls down the cliff unbound,
  The stars dart headlong from the heaven's brow,
  Storms soon will roar where softest breezes flow,—
  I AM A MADMAN NOW!"

"We parted: still I linger'd o'er the name,
  Heard from her mountain-dwelling far away;
Like honey-dew, that music calm'd the flame
  That on my heart's fierce altar ever lay.
And still my love's unceasing fire remained,
  Subduing, conquering every alien thought;
  But sure some cruel fiend within me wrought,
  And planted in my breast *Doubt's* poisonous spot.

Ay, doubt of her—the angel, the supreme
  Spirit of innocence,—my own true love;
Doubt for the perfect spirit of a dream,
  Pure as an infant's sleep, or seraph from above!

"Oh, doubt most poisonous! all my glories low!
  My high-wrought dreams far lifted as a cloud;
All these fine streams of feeling dried up now,
  These yearnings far wrapt in Oblivion's shroud.
Thee not the tramp of armed men can fright,
  The neighing steed, the clarion's sound of fear,
The frown of kingly warriors in the fight,
  The cannon's thunder in thy stony ear.
Thou, 'mid the star-light of the eloquent men,
  In the state's councils like a serpent lies,
Watching, as doth a tiger in his den,
  All voice of tongue, all language of the eyes.
No tie so close but thy rude hand can break,
  No love so strong but thou can'st weave a spell;
Beauty for thee, no glories can awake,
  To drive thee back unto thy native hell.
Bear witness, witness bear, this way-worn breast,
  These languid steps, dim eyes—oh, witness bear!
This burning brow that knows not where to rest,
  This spirit blinded to all aspects fair—
Bear witness to the wreck that has been done:
  Two broken hearts, a green grave worn away—
Worn all away the monumental stone,
  Whereon I kneel lamenting night and day.

"Amid the madd'ning Bacchanalian rout,
'Mid the ferocious stir of drunken glee,
'Mid the tumultuous song's delirious shout,
Came the accursed doubt—Oh! how could she,
Pure as the eternal star-light, false become?
Had she not made this beating heart her home?
Had she not in that sacred parting night,
Beneath the approving moon's endearing light,
Deign'd her great love to tell!
What base unworthy monster then were I
To madly deem that this all-golden hair,
That cheek like waking morn, that star-light eye,
Those winged footsteps, and that bosom fair,
Should from my yearning go—
Should to another bosom true become!
Sooner might Ocean's thunder cease to flow,
The ever faithful shore become their constant home!

"But sure some demon's madness drove me on.
All on my heart the distant days had died!
The hills, the streams, the wood's rejoicing song,
The hopes and musings of the ocean side.
My father's house was as a tale forgot;
The Bible, ever read at even and morn;
The field, the garden, every pleasant spot;
The sycamore, that sigh'd for my return.
As a strange vision swept the midnight past,
The beauteous memories of sweet childhood's days—
The glorious dreams of youth all run to waste,
All constant springs of love—all old familiar ways."

"'Tis past, 'tis past; but still the burning pain
  Gnaws angrily into my seared heart;
A serpent gnaws for ever in my brain,
  And never for a moment will depart.
O sainted form that dwells in heaven above!
  O look in pity on my utter woe!
Sound through my heart again that strain of love;
  All round me let thy soul's enchantment flow.
Lean down that fairest forehead of the skies,
  And let me view again that angel face—
The starry radiance of those gentle eyes,
  Each soft persuasion, each retiring grace.
Celestial winds shall wave thy garments white,
  And lift the flowing of thy golden hair;
All round about shall stream effulgent light,
  And scents immortal crowd the burthen'd air.

"Then come, mine own beloved,—in beauty come;
  Breathe forth thy pardon in mine own still ear;
O hither wend, from far, thy spirit home,
  And dwell with me beyond or pain, or fear.
The earth is wide, my love, for thee and me;
  Spots of eternal verdure still bloom on;
Still sings his hymns of glory the old sea;
  Still soar the joyous mountains on their throne:
We will ascend them, love,—we will rejoice,
  Glad, as yon stars, whose harmonies we know;
The bird of morn shall hear our happy voice;
  Our hymns shall join the mountain brooklet's flow;
  Glory, and power, and joy, shall greet us where we go."

THE BARD.

PART III.

"SHE is not dead!—Oh, say she is not dead!
Have I not seen her floating o'er my head,
Chanting high, holy hymns; and o'er my brow
Breathed to my aching brain in murmurs low?
I have beheld her in the silver mist,
Clothed in celestial garments; and have kiss'd
Her heavenly eyelids bending o'er my face:
And, lo! in yonder solitary place,
Whither she wanders in the midnight hour,
With rarest flowers for *her* I've rear'd this bower.

"Oh, how had her dear eyes delighted been
To see the splendour of this goodly scene!
The poet's glowing fancy gathers here
Each various beauty that the soul can bear:—
The cataracts that wildly roll along;
The crystal brook; the forest's voiceless song;
The violet-beds in fragrance spread about;
The lambkin's bleat; the shepherd's joyous shout;
The eternal mountains where no foot hath trod,
All tell the might and majesty of God.

"And here I mournful wander each long night,
And madly kneel beneath the moon's pale light:
Pray, my beloved, that thou with gentle eye,
Wilt breathe forgiveness from the starry sky:
And, through the myriad glories o'er my head,
Oft do I view, methinks, the radiant dead!
The plaintive moon amid the foliage streams,
And wakes to memory all my ancient dreams:
Yon distant waterfal recalls again
The joyous hours we never shall regain:
The melody of ocean, loud and strong,
Awakens in my heart each ancient song:
Each bird, or little flower, brings back the day
That now lives only in this tongue of clay.

"Oft, oft, like streams of moonlight in the glow
Of the white mountain mists, her footsteps flow;
She gladdens the black gloom; her walk is high
Amid the fleecy clouds that round her fly;
Bright hosts of angel sisters, robed like her,
Chant o'er her hymns of harp and dulcimer;
And in the quiet of the brooding storm
I have beheld her heaven-bearing form,
And heard her voice in caves and among groves,
And where the pine-trees chant the requiem of our loves.

"And yet she must be dead!—Now, never more
Shines the celestial presence as of yore.
Changed, changed to me a madman. I became
Crazed miserably—heart and brain of burning flame.

Madness, the giant fiend, the spectral host
Of nightmare, fear and death; the tempest-tost
Shipwreck, upborne upon the perilous sea
Of blacken'd dream; the wilder'd phantasy;
The hideous thing; the unconnected throng
Of shapes and faces wild, unnamed in song;
The fancy drown'd in ashes, waking never;
Imagination wrapt in tortures ever.
What tongue can tell the pangs beyond control,
That sat like nightmare on my shrinking soul?
The fires that burn'd like hell—the clinging weight
That prest my spirit with a giant's might!
All beauty gone, all sights of earth and sky;
Still every sound of hope—no solace nigh;
No hope on summer breeze—joy in the sun;
No splendour of the moon, and the bright starlight gone.

"She whom I loved!—oh, wither'd every grace
And hue, and cloudless shape! No lingering trace
Of her young beauty, brightening when she came,
In scorpion locks, or eye of molten flame.
Now dwelt no more pure truth upon her brow,
But cruel treachery's war; and never now
Play'd the pure glow of virtue on her cheek;—
How changed the innocent, the wise, the meek!
Oh, it was horrible! the sickening blood
Revolved around my heart,—a bounding flood,
Sudden down-dropping to a pathless cave.
How then I yearn'd for the cold, silent grave,
To be my sure and everlasting home,
Where fancy's hideous shapings might not come!

Mary! I cried, and a wild shrieking fell—
Ten thousand thunders from the vault of hell.
Mary!—and Echo answering, yell'd him hoarse,
And I was worse than mad; and the vast curse
Of everlasting life seem'd to be mine!
Then round my limbs her mouldering arms would twine,
And to my lips her pallid cheek she prest,
And held me closely to her wither'd breast,
And hymn'd death-songs to me, and shut my eyes
With her thin fingers; and pestiferous sighs
Of hateful love breathed from her pallid throat:
And this she did whole days, repenting not.

"The dews of heaven that wet the orphan's hair,
That calm the conflagration of despair,
That sleep like tear-drops in the widow's eye,
That cool the summer flowerets ere they die,
Why fell they not on me? But I was wild
With grief and madness—heavily beguiled;
I was undone, and lost, and utterly gone,
Spurn'd, scorn'd, an outcast, and denounced as one
Whose curse was that of death, to suffer—and alone!

"At last, methought, within a frozen cell,
With chains and stripes, I was condemn'd to dwell:
Loud, hideous shriekings stunn'd my aching ear—
Yells of despair, and agony, and fear.
Was it some cavern of the rock? a hold
Of savage strength and feudal pomp of old?
And these the voices of the hollow wind?
But why corroding bonds these faint limbs bind?

And who this watcher? for what crime should I
Be driven from earth's sweet sounds, and sunshine of
the sky?

"These were Despair's loud notes; these shrieks the
sway
Of the rent soul shut out from memory's ray.
Each woeful shadow told a separate tale.
One was a weeping orphan, wan and pale,
Yet beautiful as is the moonlit night;
And she would dream of pictures fair and bright,
And sing melodious hymns her love had heard,
In voice as sweet as of a dying bird.
He was a gallant sailor; and the sea,
And England's glory, knew the brave and free;
He, 'mid the thunders of the Nile had stood,
The waters redden'd with his warrior-blood;
And when at Tafalgar brave Nelson died,
The brave, the beautiful, stood by his side!

"And there was one, who wept all night and day;
Her eyes were blind with grief; and thus she lay
In misery, like some monumental stone:
Her faithless lover from her side had gone;
And from her brow was fled the starry gem
Of chastity's celestial diadem!
What! can the heavens behold such cruel thing,
And not hurl vengeance down? Where the stars
sing,
Where the calm moonbeams in sweet slumber shine,
And where the blue sky bends, vengeance divine,

Storm, lightning, and the thunder terrible,
Ready for heaven's command, all armour'd dwell!

"Another seem'd a warrior—great each word;
His the all-conquering spear, and shield, and sword!
He a proud hero was of ancient time—
A throned king, a warrior-god sublime!
His plumes danced in the sun; his helmet bright
Gleam'd 'mid the loudest thunders of the fight;
And to his ears applauding millions sent
Cloud-shattering plaudits wheresoe'er he went.

"One was a mother, and she never spake;
But, like a bird, all wounded in the brake,
She sigh'd her life away—a desert well,
Weeping in sleep—the flower that wont to dwell—
One single flower, its all, that now is dead;
So mourn'd she her sole blossom withered.

"Others there were, each with his own strange tale;
A dark-hair'd youth, feeble, and sick, and pale,
Who swiftly journey'd to his latter end—
She whom he loved had married to his friend.
A man of pomp and pride—ambitious, vain;
His darling hope undone had crazed his brain:
A tyrant who, in dungeons buried deep,
Had driven high minds their country's wrongs to weep:
A cruel robber of the poor man's purse,
Till stricken by a dying orphan's curse:

A murderer, whom one that he deem'd dead,
Madden'd at once, shaking his gory head!
Cowards by guns made mad; villains by looks
Of midnight ghosts; pale students by their books.
Such are the miseries that high heaven doth see:
The world beholds them not; its pleasures flee
Far in the paths of air; and millions die,
Seen only by the Omnipresent eye.

"But is she dead—Mary beloved? the light
Of the fair morn dark on her closed sight?
Do grave-dews winnow through the tainted clay?
Doth the breeze fan in vain the locks of day?
Is hers the eternal shroud? Say, is she part
Of grim, old death? pulseless her eloquent heart?
What head like hers, all golden—dim and dark—
Barken and clotted?—*her* voice silent?—Hark!
I hear it once again, solemn and sweet!
No; 'twas the breeze rating the moss-clad peak.
Dead?—dared they heap the dust, and I afar,
And shroud the glory of heaven's brightest star?
Blacken the splendour of the sweetest flower
That ever lit with beauty forest bower?

I never heard the church-bell tolling low,
The organ's burial-music rolling slow,
The moan of prayer over the sullen grave,
The hymn full-swelling as the ocean wave:
I saw no virgins in the summer day,
All robed in white, bearing her form away;

I never heard the rope, grating and dull,
That folded her, the bright, the beautiful:
I saw no breaking hearts—I heard no groan,
When she was laid beneath the cold grave-stone.
Mine own betrothed! mine own in dying prayer!
They *could not* lay *her* in the sepulchre—
They dared not bury *her*, and I afar.

"Yet, oh! I feel not her fair hands in mine;
I gaze not on her polish'd forehead's shine;
Strange words most unintelligibly flow
From her low-murmuring lips, that long ago,
In life, I heard not; and her gentle tread
That touch'd, like summer dews, the harebell-bed,
Falls lighter, like the spectre-footed dead.

"Where sleep the glories that, like heavenly light,
Smiled in her eyes, transcendent with delight?
Where the immortal eloquence that lay,
Like breath of angels, on her lips alway?
Where the celestial glow upon her face,
Each look of peace, each pure and heaven-born grace?
She comes not, when this burning heart heaves high
As pants the eagle for the summer sky:
She comes not, when I hail the evening cloud—
Abodes of joy—her home, and spirit-shroud!
In every haunt I seek her; where the storm
Revels in rocky caves, I trace her form;
Each heather-scented moor, each wilder'd way,
Where, in her happy days, she loved to stray.

And when the mellow moonlight from above
Showers down upon the brooks in rays of love,
I muse along, and through the abbey aisles
Seek for the sunshine of her early smiles,
And as the silver moonbeams glimmer past,
Fancy her robes are streaming on the blast.

"Oh, come beloved! in heavenly mercy come!
Here be thy rest—this weary heart thy home!
Doubt'st thou my love? Behold me moaning lay,—
Behold my misery, weeping night and day!
By these warm tears as thick as thunder-rain,—
By all this terror, agony, and pain,—
The torture and the madness I have borne
Through Hope's bright heaven a wanderer forlorn!
Oh, by the memory of that parting hour,
When all the moonbeams linger'd on thy bower;
And by the madness and the pangs of love,
Come from thy starry dwelling-place above!
Come, though a thousand blessed angels pray,
That thou in their celestial homes wilt stay;
Come, though the enduring stars for ever shine
On thee, on thy bright sisters! Mary, mine!
Come, though the suns are warm, the moonbeams clear,
No snows to chill, no storms to cloud the air,—
Though hymns perpetual of the lyre and voice,
Bid the high-vaulted domes of heaven rejoice;
Though sin, nor grief, nor sadness rear their head,
And crowns of glory deck the sainted dead;

"Though amaranths immortal glow around,
And brooks of Paradise in concert sound:
COME! once again, in all thy beauty come—
My love thy treasure, and this heart thy home!

"And thou shalt be a queen: and thy sweet smile
Shall glow like sunshine, and my cares beguile:
Those lustrous eyes that herald evening in,
Shall to thyself all wandering visions win—
Clear as the stars, or glow-worm's eye of fire;
And praising thee, the poet's tuneful lyre
Shall chant immortal hymns, till thou become
The theme of mountain swains,—the sacred home
Of love-lorn damsels straying by the moon,
And where true hearts shall beat, erect thy throne.

"No land remote, where'er the sunbeams fall,
But thy blest name shall sound in bower and hall;
The woods shall hear it, and each running brook
Rejoice to view thy glad and rapturous look;
Each dell, and mossy cave, and fäery place
Be glorified, by thy celestial face.
The mermaids, where the coral caverns lay,
That gaily wanton in the noontide ray—
As, gazing on the waves, they sing their song,
And mutter dirges of their ancient wrong,
Restrain their grief, and, listening to the sound,
Shall marvel where thy palace may be found:
And they will bring thee pearls, and weave a crown
Of gold and emeralds, to win thee down.

"The fairies singing, 'mid the dew-drops clear,
Sweet hymns that stay the storm in his career,
(In azure robes which mock the milky-way!)
Entreating loud, shall call on thee to stay.
The Naïad queen, amid her mossy bowers,
Shall weep for thee to tend her fragile flowers;
And, as her subjects float along the green,
And weave their mournful hymns,—the pomp serene
Of thy sweet presence shall enchant their eyes,
And shower new glory on their paradise;
And to thy praise their dulcet music rise
In strains celestial, through the enraptur'd skies.
She comes not!—she will *never* come! and I
Soon, 'mid this wilderness of ways, must die:
Without *her* smiles what is the world to me,
Its sun, its moon, its stars?—a shoreless sea,
Whereon no bark, except my own, may be—
A dreary desert where no floweret blooms,
Scattering along the winds its rich perfumes;
A realm deserted, where no dweller is,
But I alone, a monarch subjectless.

"All old delightful dreams have lost their dyes,
All lovely shapes have fled my weary eyes;
Sunset hath lost her towers of golden light
And hues of glory, on the waters bright;
Shadows of trees, and silence of the dead,
And cloud-lands' gorgeous visions overhead!
The moon can light no more this earth-worn brain,
And lift me up toward heaven—her own domain:

"I heedless view my old companions' ways,
Nor turn to Inspiration's stirring lays,
As when, by mountain side's embowering grove,
I read wild tales of knights and hapless love,
Whilst on the page the chequering light would rove.

"Arise! arise! mount upward to the sky!
Again, my spirit, bare thine eagle eye!—
Dare passion with her storms! make thee a home
On the sea-cliffs of thought!—again become
A mammoth among men!—and let thy might
Shroud all the lesser glories!—let thy light,
Like living fire, unfold her banners wide!
Stir to the splendour of thy faded pride,
And cast thy sorrows off, like garments worn.
Alas! alas! but I am too forlorn,
And faint, and feeble, and bow'd down to die,
Engulf'd in fires of fadeless agony!"

THE BARD.

PART IV.

Oh God!—whose throne is where the thunders sleep—
Is where the storms their lofty watch-towers keep—
Is where, enthroned, the angry earthquake lies,
And Plague, and Pestilence,—all that the skies
On sorrowing man shall hurl in vengeance down!—
Thou, Lord, all these can'st silence with a frown,
And quiet with a smile what hems thee round,—
Oh, smile on me, and heal my heart's deep wound;
Shower down thy sunlight on my wintry brain,
That I, to happy days, may journey forth again!

"The ocean roaring like a hell of fire,
When human blood ascends the funeral pyre—
The sea of mountains in his fiercest rage,
Thou, stretching forth thy finger, can'st assuage!
The tempest, dragging down vast forests old
And shattering giant cliffs—when, far unroll'd,
Thy banner streams of Peace—sinks down dismay'd,
And sighs, and sobs, unutterably afraid!
Thou can'st stay mighty rivers in their sweep—
Control the torrent on the rocky steep—
Drive Wrong into the dust, and scatter wide
Sin's armour'd legions in their pomp and pride;

Whilst Virtue, shining like a tower of flame,
Beacons to all the earth thy mighty name;
And, praising thee, a thousand valleys ring
With the Hosannahs that thy children sing.
Sustain the broken reed, and make it grow
Firmly toward Heaven again; and stir the flow
Once more of healing streams about its root,
For I am barren and can bear no fruit.
All other men go forth their task to bear,
Whilst I have no community to share!

"Yet I'm familiar with all wondrous forms,—
Spirits that guide the pathways of the storms,
And shriek and howl along the ocean wave—
And ghosts that moan beside the midnight grave.
I know each star—for there my Mary is;
Each sound I know of field and wilderness;
There's not a mountain voice, but I have heard;
Nor river strong, nor brook, hath unknown word:
Yea, my beloved hath heard them—heard with me,—
Listen'd long days to hill-sounds; to the sea,
Whose waves in joy or terror strike mine ear;
The visible wonders of yon starry sphere—
The tempests, when the woods are shook with dread,
Tranceless, beheld the rainbow overhead;
Laugh'd with the laughing waters; known the breeze
In each diaphanous sound of flowers and trees;
Studied each fertile valley's trooping sound,
Whilst, in her breast, each voice a fitting echo found!

"Dost know what's the Volcano? 'Tis a fire
Vast, and of lightning heat, savage and dire,
That shakes great mountains to their central heart,
And eats and gnaws for ever; there's no part
With sustenance, but the fierce fiend doth dwell,
The bright and green-based mountains are his hell;
And, ever and anon, with hideous shower
Of burning lights, he leaps to heaven's high tower,
And mocks the godlike sun, and imitates his power.
Then with perpetual thunders, he will stay
In hideous calm; then, roaring on his prey,
Scorch the white clouds, and bellow to the plain,
And roll aloft his earth-despising rain.
Thou know'st Pompeii! Herculaneum *thou*,
With all your thousands in their pomp laid low!
Ye know who rear'd proud temples, who had wrought
Divinest marbles, beaming out with thought;
Ye know whose lords were slain, whose saintly men
Were buried on their knees, praying in vain—
Mother and child:—Ye know the hungry flame,
And miserably died your house and name.
Know'st thou the red Volcano?—I am one:
This quivering flesh, scorch'd down unto the bone;
This heart of burning fire—this blood that rose
To glorious heights of passion, black with woes!
The temples of my love all dead,—the light
Of peace and gladness sunk in endless night,
And driven beneath the lava-dust to die,
For ever shut within the circling sky.

"I am as a dry river :—no fair bark
Of hope, to glide upon the waters dark ;
No pennant gleams upon the laughing air,
Floating along in gladness bright and fair ;
The rainbow hues, and bells that ever play,
On stream and wave have breathed their lives away ;
Dead are the fragrant flowers that met the flow
Of summer's sweetest breeze ; and ceaseless now
Bright insects wheeling on the giddy wing—
And all the happy songs that the young woodlands bring.

"Even as a hungry raven in the storm,
That in the barren rock, with shivering form
That seems remorse, glares on the frowning sky,
And screams in bitter anguish, so am I.
A wither'd flower, upon some barren heath—
A frighted bird that feels the pang of death—
A gibbet on the moor where murder lies—
A star thrust out from the relentless skies—
A monument of wrong, and shame, and sin,
No more within the light of hope to enter in.

"O, matchless maid !—how had thy forehead high
Rejoiced in ancient time !—How had thine eye
Call'd forth the valour of the knights of old
Amid the storms of war !—thy footsteps bold,
Queen-like and proud, had made the chivalry
By the sea-shore, amid the forests free,
Rush from their towering homes to win thy praise ;
And princes crowd thy shining paths, to gaze
Upon thy peerless form, in blank amaze !

How many holy names had greeted thee
From warriors' lips, till the eternal sea
Sung not such praises to the admiring shore!
But chivalry is dead, valour no more!
Now, 'mid emblazon'd pomp, the proud and great
Through perilous fears love's smiles no more await;
The forests bear no clang of warlike steed,
No lofty emprise, no heroic deed;
No fairy isles rejoice the Emerald sea,
Exultant with seraphic melody;
No wanton mermaid, by the gray rocks seen,
Entwines, in glassy bay, her locks of green;
No giant shape to slay—no conflict long,
To rescue spotless maid from brutal wrong;
No chains to break, by fell enchantment bound
On valorous knight, in spell-bound slumber found.
Romance hath fallen away, and chivalry
Hath lost the hues that brighten'd o'er its sky—
Delphi is past, and Memphis' hallow'd tone,
The prophet visions are for ever gone,
And Mona echoes but her Druids' moan.

"But thou art weary, for my griefs are dull—
Thy heart is gay, *thy* loves are beautiful,—
And I sustain no sympathy with *thee.*
Thy paths through all the world are wide and free.
Thy brightest hopes burn yet within thy breast;—
Thou hast to learn how I have been opprest—
How I have been abused!—Come blackest breath
Of bloated calumny—ye airs of death

That smoulder ever; come malignant crew
Of my oppressors,—I can war with *you!*
Yea, when I sink, still fall a conqueror.
For the white grave-flowers cannot tremble more,
The death-worms have no stings, the dews no hate,
The coffin boards no need to war with Fate;
And I do know that yet this spirit will soar
To dwell at God's right hand for evermore!"

* * * * *

He was not made for earth's tumultuous life,
For the enduring of the world's wild strife;
His proper home was Joy—in this bright sun
Alone he lived: this past, his day was done.
A rainbow glimmering on the spray-wrought wave,
Which the storms kill; sweet violets on a grave,
Which the cold frostworks nip; swift shades o'er braes,
Which the clouds dim; all glory which decays—
The wonders of the northern heavens—the bliss,
And bale of passion,—such, alas! was his!

Oh! there are griefs that, fastening on the heart,
No might can tear away, no force can part!
But as a mighty serpent, that doth hold
Some helpless beast in its relentless fold,
And, till the fluttering ties of life are gone,
Feeds on the heart's-blood, as it ripples down.

A broken heart!—what dreadful memories crowd
At that sad word—life chronicled aloud.
A broken heart?—it seems a castle old,
Its days of grandeur o'er, its glories told!

The large halls desolate—the sounding floor
To festal merriment aroused no more:
No wreathed dance, swift-borne to martial tread—
In each gay bower the silence of the dead—
Forgetfulness, oblivion, partners led!

The lute's lascivious note, the harp-string's thrill,
The lover's winning voice—the player's skill—
The dulcet music of gay cavalier,
Breathed like the west wind in his lady's ear,
The war-steed's noisy tramp, the vassal swarms,
The sword's swift lightning, battle's rude alarms,
The victor's proud return, whilst flowers beneath,
Strew all the ground, and beautify his path:
All these are dead—the joys of manly youth,
Ere years have come and their engender'd ruth.

The heart grief-broken!—'tis a riven cloud
Where sunlight will not dwell—a gloomy shroud
Where rottenness is folded—'tis a tree
Worn by the storms, where verdure cannot be—
A hollow in the rock—a stranded wreck—
A shatter'd beach, where constant billows break!

Already he was dying—the black cloud
Was closing o'er him—Death's funereal shroud;
The mists were filming o'er his radiant eye,
The damps of death were on his forehead high!—
How should I save him? shone the lovely place,
Beloved of old, where glow'd health's blooming face.

The glory of the everlasting hills
Might rouse him, shouting with a thousand rills,
And wake to youthful dreams: So we moved on,
Seeking each solitude remote from man:
Divinest aspect of each pleasant place,
The holiest lines that Nature loves to trace,
The sweetest smiles that beautify her face!

THE BARD.

PART V.

How do I love thee, Westmoreland! long, long
I had beheld thee through the halls of song;
I knew each lofty mountain, wood, and vale,
Was sanctified by some undying tale;
I knew thy lakes sublime, thy mountains high,
That tower'd amid the temples of the sky;
But, when I saw, how higher didst thou seem,
How nobler far, than proudest thought could deem;
Thou wert another world—thy summits high,
Thy fields, woods, walks, each sight that filled the eye,
Streams, rivers, lakes, lawns, hedgerows, every place,
Each beauteous hue that glow'd on Nature's face,
Was fairer than I dreamt:—I was enwrapt
In visions beatific!

How did I grieve the long years past away,
Thee having not beheld—each lovely day
Long past, whilst gentlest winds and waves flow'd on,
Whilst I had heard not their aërial song;
Nor known thy mountain music, nor the joy
Which the winds murmur forth without alloy;

Nor viewed thy setting suns, as o'er the sky
Rich clouds of glory flash'd upon the eye;—
The grandeur of the cliffs, the gorgeous hue
Of rainbows, that fierce cataracts embue;
I could not gaze for joy—I was a child
Stricken to tears—it made my bosom wild:
O rapture, beyond rapture most supreme,—
Sights glorious as the spirits of a dream.

Thee, Windermere, with undecaying love,
Till life's last sands the lowest circles move,
This beating heart shall hold! exultant pride
I feel, that I have wander'd by thy side;
For thou wilt clothe my dreams, and 'mid the care
Of the great world will smile thy visage fair;
Thy melodies upon my soul will fall,
Thy bays, thine islands, these enchantments all,—
Lake, river, woodland, heath, and hilly crest,—
Each plenteous fruit of Nature's ample breast.

What, though thou calmly in thy passion lie,
Bright as a fallen daughter of the sky?
What, though by moonlight comes no startling sound
Of cataracts, that o'er the rocks rebound?
Though Nature's wilder shapes, and ruder forms,
Rear not their horrent fronts to winter's storms?
Nor giant Skiddaw, Derwent's sable chief,
Nor Arran's peaks surround with shades of grief?
Thou shinest with mossy bays, where naïads sleep,
And the slim water-flowers their broad tents keep;—

Thou hast embowering woods, where, sailing by,
We hear all sweetest sounds that throng the sky;
And fairy islands, singing 'mid the flood,
(Blissful retreats of peace and solitude!)
In idlesse spread: and thou art full
Of heaven's continual changes, beautiful;
Yea, thou hast dwellings where the warm winds dwell,
To flout thy wave; and dells innumerable;
And spots of joy and grief, where the glad river
First clasps thy lovely breast, then parts from thee for ever.

How many a long and idle summer day,
O'er thee, my boat hath won her languid way;
Whilst, half asleep, I dreamt away the hours,
Brooding of Nature, in thine island bowers;
And long clear nights, when every eye was dim,
Learnt from thy waters every various hymn;
Embraced each changeful shade of earth and sky,
Shower'd from the clouds and moonbeams mingling nigh;
And, as thy waters murmur'd in mine ear,
Fancied of dwellings in another sphere—
Such holy stillness, such untroubled calm,
Sights beatific, sounds of heavenly balm!

And thou, sweet Elleray!—what dreams arise,
Brooding of thee, with tear-drops in mine eyes,—
Oh say, ye moonbeams, is the wrong forgot,
That blinds me, gazing on each lovely spot:
Those eyes, that like the stars were bright and clear,
Say, shall a cloud disturb their crystal sphere?

Hath time no spell to mitigate the pain
Erased so long, nor e'er to wound again;
Thou, Bard of Elleray!—ye, Poet-born,—
Him, heaven-inspired,—they, creatures of the morn:
Speak, shall the unchanging forms that crowd below,
That smile no hate, nor frown when tempests blow—
Shall they not banish with that look of joy,
All doubts that vex, all tortures that annoy?

Oh, beauteous spot! so sweet thy waters weave,
And gentlest sounds of joy delight the eve;
Far through the trees the mountains wave-like sweep,
And, grimly vast, like weary giants sleep:
Woods, such as hid Diana and her maids,
When, bright as morn, they darted through the shades;
And smiling pastures, fields, and meadows wide,
Their treasures heap, and greet the sun with pride.
The tempests shall not harm thee as they flow;
Around thy bowers no hideous creatures go:
Joy fills thy chambers, sitteth at thy gate,
And summer's sweetest breezes o'er thee wait;
Thine are all treasures of the night and day—
Heaven's gentlest looks are thine, beloved Elleray!*
And he thy lord, in early youth, cared nought
For cloud, or storm: the mountain summits brought
Rest and repose for his too rapid thought.

* Elleray is the seat of Professor Wilson, and is endeared to the author by many delightful associations. Some of the allusions here will be unintelligible to the general reader: nor would the author feel justified in offering a solution of the difficulties.

He soar'd as a young eagle, and his eyes,
Vivid and bright, shone fearless as the skies;
The mountains were his home, their blackest night,
Oft by his white tent kindled with delight;
And, pitching there his dwelling like a throne,
Nature heard songs even sweeter than her own.

Her hymns were thine, and they were part of thee,—
Her cataracts thy harp-strings: thou wert free
To house amid the storms: the hill-fox came
And crouch'd before thee, humbled down and tame:
The wilderness was glad when thou wert there;
Thou wert a sovereign ruler, bright and fair,
Dropt from the clouds: and thou wert strong and bright,
And godlike in thy bearing, with the light
Sublime of genius filling thee with might.

Oh, to have walk'd with thee, companion young,
As the fresh breezes through thy long hair sung;
And thy glad voice awoke the sounding earth,
Bird, bees, and blossoms, to responding mirth:
From thy lips' music I had never gone,
From where thy star-like form sublimely shone,
But by thy eloquent side had learnt to know
Where her divinest shapes Nature rejoiced to show.

Years now have gather'd o'er thee! but the light
Of thy proud youth still lives: never can night
Obscure those stately limbs, that starry soul—
O'er thy enduring deeds its billows roll!

And wheresoe'er thou goest, in bower or hall,
Fame hath gone with thee, coming at thy call;
Years now have gather'd o'er thee, but thine eye
Is lustrous as of yore, as clear thy forehead high!
And God hath made within thy bowers to grow
Fair spots, that yet shall bloom when thou art low,
Firm pillars of thy house that brightly stand,
Beauty divinest over all the land,—
Beauty supreme, that in the times of old,
Had brought to woo a hundred warriors bold—
Had filled the forest depths with lofty dreams,
And rear'd a Paradise, themselves the themes:
And, oh, if power or grace attends my lays,
The spell is thine—to thee belongs the praise!

* * * * *

He died! the Bard I sing,—in grief he died,—
Him, Nature's self, from love could ne'er divide!
Weep for your own beloved, ye mountains wild!
Moon, forests, caverns, rocks, lament your child!
Weep, for the joy of summer is laid low,
The sound of music, and the streamlet's flow—
The glory of the storms!—he had a voice
As loud, as sweet, as strong!—he could rejoice
With every breeze that murmur'd o'er the flowers,
With every bird that charms the summer bowers:
He had a Poet's heart, by Nature made
Immortal as herself, whose mighty harp be play'd.

He died! and wailing youths and maidens near,
Bore the dead lover to his sepulchre.

They laid him underneath the same low stone,
Which guarded the sad damsel who was gone—
A savage place!—mountains that frown'd like night
Stretch'd all around, gloom'd fiercely through the light;
Their pinnacled crags far lifted from the power
Of climbing tree, meek moss, or wilder'd flower,
And, taught from Chaos, solely to resound
Backward the thunder, and the tempest's sound;
So wildly high they stood, that the church bell,
Ne'er heard its Sabbath voice, but in the dell,
Fainted away into its own "farewell."

In this deep dell they laid him, where the wind
Maketh perpetual moan through vaults that bind,—
Where the hoar abbey showers upon the sky
Old carved heads of monks in arches high;
And on his grave-stone, through the ancient yew,
Shineth continually the orient hue
Diverse, yet clear, of the deep purpled glass—
The infant Christ, the Virgin, and the Mass;
Ruth 'mid the reapers; Jacob's dream; the doubt
Of Thomas; and sweet Moses' finding out.

He died,—the desolate one, in grief he died!—
A solitary man—and, by the side
Of her so loved, so worshipp'd, slumbers low:
The tyranny of Death could never throw
Despair on love like his: and well beseem'd
The same pale grave-flowers that together gleam'd
For both their shroud—the same brief epitaph,
Where lingering oft the pilgrim rests his staff;

The angel wings wide-stretched—the open book—
The sculptured quaint device—the holy look,
And breathing calm of monumental stone—
Sad images that mark that churchyard lone.

Yet, are they not *all* dead!—and though we grieve
For that which seems the dust, still do they live,
Holy and beautiful, in might and power:
Clear, like a star, on memory's marble tower,
Twin spirits do they dwell; and through the night,
And through the day, shine in their robes of light.
The winds do touch them not with their low moan—
Quietly gleams the battlemented stone,
Untouched by cloud, or storm: and but the sun
Of holiest love, in constant dreams doth run
In rays of light and glory o'er their head,
Clothing with heavenly robes, the spiritual dead!

They are not dead: in gentlest song and hymn
Young maidens chant their woes, in moonlight dim
And the sun's glare; and most on winter eve,
When the wild winds among the pine trees grieve,
A lone and melancholy strain will come
From loneliest cottages, that have their home
Among the moors: and tale and madrigal,
And pity-laden sighs, and the tear's fall,
(Given by kind heaven the children of the eye,)
Proclaim the healing love of memory.
And, many a day, when kingdoms on the wane
Are tottering down; and the destructive reign

Of Tyranny declines; and raging War,
With its loud pomp of Fear, is heard afar,—
Still, shall this hapless pair remembered be!
Continuous in sound, as is the sea,
Be heard Compassion's voice, and, on the hill,
Aloft, of Memory, will they flourish still!

CONCLUSION.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A VISION OF THE MOON.*

> "True, 'twas but a dream;
> And dreams are children of an idle brain,
> Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
> Which is as thin of substance as the air."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is an hour, an holy hour, a time of bliss and peace,
When night hath set upon the earth, and caused our cares to cease;
When midnight, brooding o'er the plain, breathes stillness and repose,
And calms and soothes the raging main, as dew the breeze-stirr'd rose;
When through the woods more softly creep the winds which stirr'd the day,
Or on their pinions lull'd to sleep, thus dream the hours away;

* This and the following poems are placed for the most part in the order of their composition, many of them having been written eight or ten years ago. The greater part, however, are of a later date.

When through the sky the night-bird wings his long and darken'd course,
And feeds upon the earth-born things, the victims of his force;—
There is an holy, hallow'd hour for feeling and for love,
When Nature wantons in her power, and draws our thoughts above;
When visions float across the soul, and fast in their embrace,
Unaw'd by Reason's stern control, our thoughts are lost in space.

I dreamt that I had left this earth to dwell within the moon,
And wander'd through its halls of mirth, unfetter'd and alone;
It seem'd like to our world below in structure and in form,
Yet still, and calm, and undisturb'd by tempest or by storm.
The beings who inhabited its wide and sunny land
Seem'd to my dream of mightier mould than aught on earthly strand:
Their natures were of nobler stamp, their thoughts of wider scan,
And more unlimited in range than those of earthly man.
In palaces of gold they dwelt, yet there was not their sleep,
But 'neath the glorious canopy of heaven's o'er-arching steep;
For theirs was one unvaried clime of brightness and of heat,
And ne'er upon its parched soil had Winter set his feet.

I look'd unto our world below, and thought upon the worms—
The things of clay, the sons of dust, and all its boasted charms:
How paltry did earth now appear, a speck upon the sky—
A dusky spot on heaven's bright face, to stain its majesty!
Who would have thought that man, so proud, so mighty in his sphere,
All-powerful, all-commanding man, should wholly disappear;
He who hath done such wond'rous things, and vaunted in his pride
All things in earth and sky were his, and in the ocean wide!

And thou, my own, my sea-girt Isle of freedom and the brave,
The lord of many nations, and the conqueror of the wave,
Where now were all thy bulwarks, thy armaments of power,
Which triumph on the waters unto earth's remotest shore?
And where thine Autumn's smiling fields, thy harvest rolling bright,
Which gently wave beneath the blast in mockery of its might?
Thy blooming fields of fertile spring, thy regal mountain oak,
Which from its seat so long hath braved the whirlwind's fiercest stroke?

And where were now the fair and brave who graced thy much loved land?
And where the wise who, by their nod, light up thy gifted strand?
Thy men of North, thy men of South, are nowhere to be seen,
All centred in that "dusky spot," as if they ne'er had been.
The scorch'd plains of the distant East, and Afric's dreary wastes,
The Arabs' land, so oft up-turn'd by the Simoon's sweeping blasts;
Kamtschatka, lord of Norland snows, its sons the scoff of men,
The first-born child of the misty storms, and knight of the hurricane.
The West, the East, the North, where now are all your boundless climes—
And thou, sweet South, so oft gone o'er in the poet's glowing rhymes?
The Sea, whose caverns ne'er have been unveil'd to human ken,
Where lifeless forms have oft "repair'd, and will repair again,"—
Where were you all, when from Night's lamp I gazed in quest of each,
In that other orb, from burning Ind to Lapland's sounding beach?
And nought might now distinguish you save a bright and dusky stain,
The *bright* the scorching southern fields, the *dark* the watery main;

I saw but dimly, yet, methought that such must be the change,
Which spangled o'er the brighten'd face of earth's unbounded range.

And now my dream hath pass'd away, like a thought across the mind,
The dews before the sun's hot ray, or a bubble on the wind,—
The joys we felt in dawn of youth, when all our thoughts were bliss,
A shower upon a Summer's eve, the rapture of a kiss;
Yea, even as these, 'tis vanish'd, fled—its fancies all are gone,
No vestige on my soul is left save memory alone;
And there, long as life's lamp may burn, imprinted shall it be,
A phantom of the bygone years—a treasure unto me!

*** "Full of fancy, feeling, and imagination."
PROFESSOR WILSON.

January, 1829.

TO THE EAGLE.

MAJESTIC and noble art thou in thy flight,
And swift in thy course as the blast of the night;
Thy proud-glancing eye beameth bright as the sheen
Of the orb, which thou seek'st, in yon lovely serene;

And of all the wild birds of the mountain's stern brow,
No bird is so fierce, and so stately as thou.

The wind rushes fiercely along the dark woods,
And rouses from slumber the deep mountain floods;
But thou, beauteous bird, sailest forth through the sky,
And towers in delight whilst the storm passeth by—
For the eagle is lord of the wing'd of the earth,
Then why should the tempest disturb his wild mirth?

But the storm has gone down and is sunk into rest,
And the sun passeth on to his couch in the west—
The wrath of the torrent is changed into smiles,
And the azure-spread clouds into light-beaming isles;
And, see! how the full-breasted bird riseth up
To sip from the heavens as a god from his cup!

Oh! look at him now as he soars far away,
And seems to rejoice in the sun's burning ray;
Not the war-steed, nor lightning, go swifter than he,
Nor a thought o'er the mind, nor a wave o'er the sea,—
You almost might deem that his home was on high,
So proudly and gladly he sweeps through the sky.

Thou art emblem, proud creature, of all that is great;
The poet, the warrior, the king in his state;
The brave, the triumphant, we liken to thee;
The bold, and the mighty, the noble, the free;
Yea, all that is noblest and best in our land,
We liken to *thee*, glorious bird of command!

The birds, at thy rising, start up from their rest,
And the fearful young doves closer creep in their nest;
The ravens are roused from the time-scorning rock,
And the wind-mocking deer rushes forth from his flock;
Even the fierce, lordly lion crawls back to his lair,
And growls out a curse on the King of the air!

And now hath the beautiful faded from sight,
And the sun has gone down in his raiment of light;
And the glory that circled around him is fled,
Like the light of an eye that is glassy and dead;
Even so, for a moment, our thoughts brightly soar:
Like the eagle they fade, and we see them no more.

MARY.

"Mary, to my ear, is the name mildest, and most musical, and most melancholy of all names."—CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

THY name—its very sound is beautiful,
And soft, and sweet, and deeply musical!
Thy form—love never gazed on one more perfect,
More graceful, chaste, more delicately full;
And when I look upon thy rounded waist,
Imaged and moulded as from fairy land,
The splendour of th' enchantment fills my soul!

Not even the swan, sung of in poets' lays,
Gliding on summer lake, is half so gentle,

So softly elegant, as thou art, Mary!
Thy neck hath a diviner, purer lustre,
Thy swelling bosom richer loveliness.
Thy step so light and soft, the full-blown rose
Would scarcely crumble underneath the pressure;
And, had'st thou dwelt in forest solitudes,
Like to those fabled maidens who, of old,
Hunted the wild deer in fair Dian's train,—
No gentle antelope on mountain heights,
Or youthful roebuck 'mong the golden heath,
Could bound along with softer elegance.

Can I describe her face? the changeful hues
Passing for ever o'er its sunny surface?
The blush of love, or joy, or sympathy,
Chasten'd and pure as heaven's at early morn?
The varying shades, now mildly pale, and sad,
Now sweet and cheerful as a summer sky,
Now full of that strange beauty which is given
By deep and strong emotion, hot and glowing,
And ruth, and woe, and tenderness, that give
Such loveliness to woman—heaven-born woman!

The delicate and quivering plant, whose leaves
Tremble at every touch, or the fair rose
Drooping beneath the dew, or weeping willow,
Or ocean in a shower, or heaven at twilight,
Imparts not to man's heart such imaged sadness,
Glad even though sorrowful, like smiles through tears,
As spring from lovely woman's warm emotion!

And then her eye—that glorious, beauteous orb,
Which men so love to gaze on, and which tells
More of a *God* than all the orbs of heaven;
Her eye, so darkly beautiful, and rich
In youth's mild fire, and passionately bright,
Would light a realm, and prompt the coldest heart!

Her lips—what bliss to press those scarlet lips!
I know not which of Nature's images
May serve to picture them, for nought is there
Through forest, field, or garden, that can vie
In mild and melting warmth, and rose-red beauty,
With the soft lips of this most lovely maiden.

Nay, Queen of Beauty, thou art *all* enchanting!
From the dark clustering locks that crowd along
Thy lofty blue-vein'd brow, to the small foot,
Graceful, and light, and exquisitely form'd,—
I know not of a speck in face or form,
To dim the dear perfection of thy beauty!

I would have spoke of *Mind*,—of the fine power,
The varying eloquence, and magic charm
Of that strange, unknown essence, which kind Heaven
Has given to all, but unto thee most freely,—
But that I cannot: for to speak of *this*,—
Of all the intellectual joy and bliss
That I have felt from its outpouring stores,
Would claim an angel's pen, dipped in the fire,
Burning, intense, of heaven's far-stretching lightnings!

And now, bright idol of my heart, adieu!
The wide and heaving sea divides us now,
And long must it roll on ere I behold thee!
Yet never, never, wheresoe'er I roam,
Whether in mine own land, or far-off shores,
Beneath the burning sun of tropic climes,
Or 'mid the icy temples of the North,
Can I forget thy name, or cease to love thee!
And should I ne'er be doomed to see thee more,
There, in the stranger land, I'll love thee still;
And on the bed of death, where darkness broods,
The memory of the past will soothe my spirit,—
The image of thy form will float around me—
Beauteous and lovely as in days of yore!
And, dying, I will breathe thy holy name.
Mary! beloved of my soul—Farewell!
Yet, once again, that sad, wild word—Farewell!

March, 1829.

WRITTEN ON ARTHUR'S SEAT.

"How sweet to sit upon the mountain top,
And think and meditate!"

ANON.

THE wearied sun is sinking to his home,
Half hid among the golden, gorgeous clouds,
Which, as if sorrowful to see him go,
Cluster and cling around the glorious orb,
Gathering new charms from him, like a young mother,

Bright-eyed and lovely, clasping her fair child,
And smiling in its laughing, cherub face.
This is an hour of bliss: all earth is calm—
No human voice is heard—and every tree,
And flower, and green field, stretching far beneath,
And stream, and hedgerow, and sweet cottage home,
Village, and mountain side, alike are bathed
In one wide flood of full and dazzling splendour.
The lark is up on high, chanting to heaven
His song of lofty praise; the linnet too,
(That meek and beauteous bird,) warbles his lay
Of love and gladness in the distant wood;
And all the face of fair and boundless heaven,
As if in unison with this deep joy,
Is one bright, glorious, gladdening, blissful smile!

Here, in his youth, the best of Scotia's bards,
The heaven-inspired and passionate child of song,
Who, as yon sun, lightened up rural life,
And threw a shade of splendour o'er the land:
The peasant-poet, who in gladness walked,
Encircled with delight, enrobed in joy,
The glory of his country—BURNS, was wont
To lie him down upon this mountain height,
And mourn his hapless and untoward doom!
Here at the dawn of morn, or evening fall,
Did the inspired and heaven-born peasant sit,
And mark the rising and the setting sun;
And many a bright and burning thought, I ween,
Has that proud bard found on this lofty cliff!

Lo, what a noble prospect lies around!
How varied, how magnificent, how grand!
Sea, valley, mountain, forest, haughty rock—
Heaven's stateliest, loveliest, proudest gifts are here,
To charm, astonish, and delight the eye!
There, in stern dignity, Edina towers,
The stately "Edinborough throned on crags,"
And from the gloomy mass her castle rears
Its tall and lofty front, majestical,
As if to show afar to Britain's foes,
That science reigns not in proud state alone,
But brave and manly hearts, and powerful arms,
Are centred here to shield and guard her shores.

And, lo! old Ocean's thunders rolling far,
Lovely amid their rage! the towering waves
Seem in the distance as of gold, and glow
Beneath the farewell splendour of the sun,
Like bright young hopes so soon to sink in woe.
Oh! what imaginings arise within,
When we behold thee, melancholy main!
When we reflect upon the wondrous things,
The wrecks of stately ships, the gems, the pearls,
The wealth, the awful and the ghastly dead,
Gather'd, and hoarded up with greedy care,
Within thy dark and dreary depths below,
Or in thy coral caves and rocky caverns!

See, to the north,
Enrobed in mist, upstretching to the sky,

Scotia's gigantic mountains; and o'er all,
Ben-Nevis proudly rears its giant head,
In solitary pride, and regal might!
There, too, the famous, far-off Grampians lie,
Circled about by heaven's own glorious blue,
Half veiling from dim sight the hundred hills,
Vast, bleak, stupendous, dimly seen beyond!
Emblems of lofty hope, ambition wild,
Which soar in proud sublimity afar!

But still a lovelier prospect opes to view:
The fruitful valleys of the Lothians lie—
One mighty sea of splendour. Church, and tower,
And distant castle bathed in liquid light,
Are scatter'd in calm loveliness around;
And the soft, distant, mournful evening bell,
So full of music and melodious sounds—
All here are join'd, t' enchant and charm the soul,
To teach in Nature's wild, harmonious works,
A living, moving, pre-existent God!

And now the gorgeous sun hath sunk to rest;
The mists of evening gather round my brow;
The landscape, late so beautiful, is dimm'd
By the on-coming darkness; and blue heaven
Each moment gains a deeper, darker hue.
The eternal sea utters a sullen sound:
The distant mountains fade away from sight;
The happy valleys now no longer smile;
The plaining streams look mournfully on high,

And gleam and glow no more amid the light;
The city's noise is hush'd, not even the hum
Of congregated voices, and the crowd,
Can here be heard; the palace and the tower,
The habitations of the great, the low,
The rich, the poor, are mingled all together,
And wreaths of curling smoke roll thick above,
Like the dense vapours of embattling hosts.

Oh! who, when scenes like these are spread around,
And nature lies enrobed in majesty—
Who, when the flowing gales are sweeping on,
And mountains mingle with the azure skies,
Would live in lowly vales, and waste his days
In clogging sloth, and still inglorious ease?
Let him ascend the mountain's height, and gaze
Abroad on earth's wide, thronging, matchless forms!
And, if for his dull soul *these* have no charm,
No high emotion e'er will kindle there,
No kind, no gentle thought will ever glow
Within the dreary caverns of his breast!

EDINBURGH, 1829.

FRAGMENT.

FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

* * * * * *

THE next day of my pilgrimage was a day of storm and cloud,
And the heavens were shadow'd over as a dead man in his shroud;
And, onward driven by the furious storm, the clouds swept through the sky,
As rolls within its bony cave the frenzied madman's eye.
Yea, horribly and grim they roll'd along the bellowing blast,
As rolls about a mighty ship bereft of sail and mast;
And fitfully the sun shone forth with a wild and ghastly gleam,
Fireless and cold, as a dead man's eye in the lonely murderer's dream;
And straggling clouds that had put on the gloomy garb of night,
Seem'd fiends and demons burst from hell, to my distemper'd sight.

With such black clouds above me, and with such dread storms around,
I wander'd through this wilderness, whose limits had no bound,—
A drear and boundless wilderness, which, far as eye could see,
Was encircled by the dimness of the heaven's immensity.

And o'er that wild and dreary waste, I cast an anxious glance,
Anxious as when, in dreams, starts up the sleeper from his trance;
An eager and a searching glance o'er that vast wild I cast,
As eager and as keen as though that look had been my last.

No human form could I espy—no habitation there;
But only three black castle walls, most miserably bare;
No weed, no shrub, no wild-flower cast its verdure o'er the gloom,
And all the stones were mouldered, like bones within the tomb;
And yet these weedless, mossless walls stood gazing up on high,
And seem'd as firm as proudest towers that ever mocked the sky;
And nigh, two rotten, leafless trees stood staring on each other,
And there they hiss'd with the hissing wind as brothers to a brother;
And I felt as a little child doth feel, when it looks on the raving sea;
For oh, cold, and sad, and withering was that desolateness to me.

Away, and away, I wandered o'er that far and desert waste—
I went as if my hope in heaven depended on my haste.

And all the long and wearied night I hurried on my way,
For I sicken'd at the dreariness I had beheld that day.
And still the clouds were o'er the sky, and still the storms raved on,—
You might have deem'd hell's hosts were here, with their lord Apollyon.
And still another day and night I buffeted along,
And still no human face I saw those desert wilds among.
On the third night, way-worn and sad, I laid me down to rest,
The frowning heavens my canopy, my bed the desert waste;
And visions strange came over me, like sunbeams o'er the sea,
Which, ere my tale is finished, shall all narrated be.

And, lo!—next morn when I awoke, the clouds and storms were gone,—
Like an infant's face was the smiling sky, so lovingly it shone!
The godlike sun, in glory there, walk'd o'er his azure course;
And the balmy breeze was odour-fill'd from its own sweet unknown source:
Perfumes, which seem'd as if they were from some sweet garden nigh,
Came full upon the burden'd air, as love-thoughts on a sigh.
And sweeter wax'd the odorous gale as the wilderness I sped:
'Twas strange as if soft words had come from the lips of the mould'ring dead.

At length—oh, heavenly thing!—I saw, afar unto the west,
A glorious sight, which yet doth dwell like heaven within my breast;—
It was the first green lovely thing, that yet had struck my sight,
And I felt as a loosen'd captive feels when he looks on heaven's bless'd light;
I ran as runs the wild-deer when he hears the clarion ring,
Or the Arab's thirsty war-horse when he snorts the desert spring.

'Twas a lone and beauteous flower which shed such perfume on the air,
Like a lovely herb which angels love it stood in grandeur there.
I thought on the rose and the violet, and I thought on the hare-bell blue,
And the sensitive plant, and anemone with its cup of silver dew;
And I thought on the tulip and hyacinth, and the flowers beneath the wave,
And the poison-staying asphodel erst sown on the dead man's grave;
And I thought on all earth's fragrant flowers, and many and sweet are they—
Of flowers of passion, and scent, and love, which breathe in the poet's lay:
But, oh! dearer, sweeter, lovelier far, was that odour-breathing flower,
Which shed such perfume, faint and deep, the dreary desert o'er!

Its leaves were rimm'd as the eve-clouds are, with the sun's last parting beam,
A soft, a rich, and golden shade, and bright as a moon-fill'd stream;
And a warm and odorous scent breathed up, like a breeze of the gentle west,
And a rosy glow tinged every leaf, like the blush on a maiden's breast;
It seem'd as a rare and beauteous flower just dropt from the summer sky,
And a dew-drop dwelt in its rosy cup, like the tear in an angel's eye.

A bubbling fount beside its foot gave music deep and wild,
Gentle, and soft, and musical as the breathing of a child;
And its crystal depths no eye could pierce though clear as the moonbeams light,
And its heaving breast was full and fair as a virgin's bosom bright;
And the delicate murmuring melody, which at every throb was heard,
Was deeper, sweeter, more intense, than e'er was sung by bird.
And I knelt me down by that lovely flower, and I knelt by that crystal spring,
And I drank from that stream whose melody was deeper than bird might sing;
To the golden rim of the stately plant, I gave one fervent kiss,
For I could not help but deeply love this flower of the wilderness.

And again the power of gentle sleep o'er my weary body
    came,
And again my spirit soar'd away to the land of thought
    and dream;
For the odour of that gentle herb dwelt sweetly in my
    breast,
And the music of the fountain near, lull'd me to peace and
    rest;
And I dreamt (so strange are all our dreams, so foolish,
    and so vain)
That all the glories I had seen were phantoms of the brain—
The wild unmeaning phantoms of the weak and wander-
    ing mind,
Which float along with our dreamy thoughts like vapours
    with the wind!

Even such are all things of the earth: grief, vanity, and
    care,
A glittering thought, a bright-hued dream, as empty as
    the air!
The things we see we know not of—we know not how
    we live—
We know not how the sun, and moon, and the stars such
    glory give.
A thousand things are on the earth, in the air, and in the sea,
Yet e'er to weak and foolish man have they been deep
    mystery;
And all we know in this selfish world, is that life is a
    desert drear,
And that sin, and sorrow, and gnawing care, and anger
    and pale lipp'd fear,

And passion, and hate, and murder foul, have their habitation here!
And that pride, wealth, power, are only walls, all rotten, black, and bare,
Which stand alone in nakedness with their heads in sky and air;
And that men resemble the leafless trees which on each other hiss,
And again are hiss'd and groan'd upon by the storms of the wilderness;
And that beauty, virtue, innocence, are like a lovely flower,
One only, solitary sweet, the raging desert o'er;
And that faith, and peace, and charity, are like a crystal spring,
Which to the sad and sorrowing heart deep melody doth bring;
That on this earth we crawl about, the phantoms of a breath,
The subjects of the mighty king, the giant conqueror—*Death.**

DEDICATORY LINES, TO ———.

Dreams of the past will murmur in the soul
Even in its wildest, most fantastic moods:
Dreams of our childhood's hours, of joy and hope,
Dwell in the soul through years of grief and pain.

* These lines were printed in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, then edited by H. Glassford Bell, Esq., in 1830 or 1831, and were highly commended by that writer.

And I, who erst have felt all passions deep—
I who have deeply felt, as poets feel—
Have often, by the midnight lamp, in gloom
And over-mastering melancholy, thought
Upon the happy, joyous days that once
Were unto my glad heart as heavenly food!

The giant mountains stretching to the sky,
The lovely woods where wild doves rear their home,
The fields all clothed in daisied loveliness,
The mighty sea in its enraptur'd mirth,
The mountain streams murmuring their lonely song:
All that was known to me in boyhood's years
Live yet—a hallow'd splendour, in my soul,
A sea of glory, kindling all my thoughts.
And was their no one, in those blissful hours,
To drink of that deep joy which nature gives?
Was there no eye cast up with mine to heaven,
To worship its bright host of stars, and moon,
And glorious sun, moving in majesty?
Was it alone I saw its setting joy,
Its golden radiance, as it sunk from sight—
Its gorgeous beauty as it rose at morn,
Like some proud monarch from his bridal couch
Was it alone I gazed on heaven's blue wastes,
The silv'ry fretwork of bright moving clouds?
Was it alone I walked on the green hills,
And loved the majesty of nature's works
Which crowd in grandeur 'round my own loved home?
Oh think not that a heart attuned as mine,
Should be so selfish in its deepest joys!

I see her now before my mind, a sylph,
An angel from the heavens, most beautiful;
I see her now—her eye full of strange love—
Large and magnificent, as eye may be;
An eye which passeth to the soul of man
And bindeth the proud gazer to her love,
Fastening into his soul, his heart, his peace;
An eye, full of most chasten'd pride and joy,
And dove-like modesty, and music deep,
And beaming that still charm which winneth hearts.

I see her now—even as in childhood's years,
She was most beautiful unto the eye!
She loved the whole vast universe—a bird
Or modest herb—a rose, or violet,
Or gentle lily, (white as her own hand
And heaving bosom,) or the hare-bell blue.
All were to her as sister-children dear,
Claiming her love, her care, her tenderness!—
She loved them, and *I* loved them, for they were
So beautiful, so sweet, and gentle too,
So full of deep and modest loveliness,
That he who saw in *these* no passing charm,
No work of heaven's omnipotence and glory,
Scarce could love rosy lips, and violet eyes,
And lily bosoms fair, and sun-flower forms!

Meets it that I say more—I loved her then,
Even in the waywardness of youthful hopes;
And as the ivy, growing in its strength,

Doth cling with closer grasp unto the oak,
So in my growing years, hath her bright form,
With its associations of young bliss,
Entwined around my heart in holy love.

Thou hast fair maiden now grown up in years—
Thou hast fair maiden grown in loveliness:
Thine eye hath still the same proud, conquering charm,
Thy form the same most queen-like stateliness:
Thy voice, the same deep, eloquent melody,
Thy lips, the same fair, bright and roseate hue;
Thy cheek, the same full bloom and tenderness,
Which my young heart, in boyhood's early years,
Prized with such adoration and deep love!

I love thee not for *these* alone—thy mind
Hath gathered a fresh lustre with thy years.
A lamp which dwelleth in some sacred shrine,
The sun still glorious through the clustering clouds,
The face of beauty through the shrouding veil,
Heaven's azure from some forest, black and dark,
A sparkling stream at distance 'mong the hills,
The glow-worm in a dell by midnight gloom,—
Shine not so sweetly to the gazer's eye,
As thy bright mind from out its lovely sphere,
Shedding a splendour and a joy around,
Like that which Sol darts from his throne at noon!

To thee, fair spirit of my earliest years,
Inspirer of my fancy, and my dreams;—

Thee, whom I owe so much of youthful joy,
I dedicate these lines!

GUISBOROUGH, *August*, 1830.

NATURE.

"Dear Nature is the kindest mother still."
BYRON.

——— at mihi devio
Ripas et vacuum nemus
Mirari libet.
HORACE, OD. III.

I HAVE loved Nature from my very birth—
Flowers, rivers, mountains, trees, have been to me
As gods to them of old, a hope and love;
And oft has stern contempt and bitter scorn
Gather'd within mine eye, and on my brow,
Whilst thinking of the coldness of vain man
Who loves not Nature's charms, but idle gold.

Oh, that the mighty God should thus have thrown
So much of grandeur and of love away!
Oh, that the everlasting hills and wilds,
And forests and proud rivers, thus should be
Unloved and scoff'd by man's uncaring eye!
Full of his own base, clinging selfishness,
Which twineth as a serpent round his soul,
Or ivy to the drooping mountain-ash,
He coldly looks on Nature's majesty!
I oft have wept e'en o'er a little flower,

A faded flower, dropt from its broken stem.
I oft have wept to see the lily hand
Of maiden fair, snatch with unfeeling haste
The gentle, lovely rose from its sweet bower;
For then I thought of her young beauty's bloom,
How soon the hand of death might pluck it thence.

I have seen those who could behold the sea
Moving in sullen, vast magnificence,
Like some proud monarch from the battle's wreck,
And almost cursed it for its ceaseless roar.
I have seen men walking on mountain tops,
And o'er the lofty heights of sky-loved cliffs
That laugh'd in bitter mirth upon the storms
Raging in idle wrath and hate below,
In whose dark bosoms no high feelings glowed.
I have seen men, who, on the river's banks,
Could see no moral in the rolling flood.
I have seen men who gazed on heaven's far host
Of shining worlds—the bright, celestial stars—
And saw in them no vast Omnipotence.*
And I have seen the inspired of soul, whose eye
Compass'd, as eagle's doth, the verdant plain,
Drinking in every glory which was there.
I have walked with them at the midnight hour,
And mark'd their quivering lip and gather'd brow,
Whilst gazing on the glorious vastitude

* "The primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."
WORDSWORTH.

Of heaven, with all its stars and Virgin queen!
I have been with them on the mountain top,
And heard the bursting word of swelling joy,
Whilst contemplating o'er the far expanse;
The proud, the mighty, and the vast, which lay
In dim magnificence enrobed around!
With them I have beheld the gorgeous clouds
Which came and kiss'd the sun ere he should go
Down to his realms of warmth, and love, and bliss!
The sea, which in its giant majesty
Doth roll and heave for ever o'er its bed.
The waving of the gloomy forest trees,
Like plumes of battling warriors in hosts!
And oh, how far, how wide apart, are these
From the vile mass that worships nought but gold!
I sooner would be one who in the fields,
And on the mountain, and by ocean's shores,
And in a little flower, and in a star,
And on a river's fair and grassy banks,
And 'mid the fury of the storm, could see
A glory and a grandeur everywhere,
Than be the mightiest monarch that ere held
Sceptre and power o'er an obsequious world!

There is no bliss like that which poets feel
When gazing on their parent Nature's stores.
A doting mother loves not more her child,
Nor thinks it lovelier in the calm of sleep—
A lover sees not in his charmer's eyes,
Nor in her sylph-like form, or queen-like air,

Or beaming countenance, a livelier grace,
A deeper, wilder, more enchanting joy,
Than do the lovers of earth's majesty
See in each holy form that dwelleth there.

Where are there palaces or halls like those,
Shaped out in rocks, in mountains, and in clouds?
Show me an eye, in passion, or in love,
Lovelier than is yon glorious evening star!
Show me a bosom whiter than the snow
Which gleams in winter on the mountain height!
Show me a cheek of fairer bloom and shade
Than blushing sky at morn—or modest rose!

I have heard maidens' songs, so sweetly wild,
So deeply, passionately musical,
So full of fainting, warbling harmony,
Melodious as their own pure thoughts in sleep,
Their own soft sighs in dreams of love and joy—
But I have heard a small, bright, mountain stream,
As it hath murmur'd through its paths of bliss,
Kissing each shining pebble on its way,
Afford far deeper music to the ear,—
And I have heard most gentle instruments,
The soft-toned lute, and harp, and harpsichord,
And sweet guitar, which Spanish maidens love,
Mingled with lover's song and lover's sighs!
But oh! the evening breeze, so softly sweet,
Gliding away amongst the sunny trees,
Kissing, like fainting lover, each fond leaf,

Till, jealous grown, they dash against each other,
And give fresh joyaunce to the melody,
Hath a far deeper music even than these.

Yea, winter's tempests in their boisterous joy,
Sweeping along in terror and in storm
'Mid the wild dashing of the mountain brooks,
Which as in anger fret, and heave, and fume,
Bear in their thunders music more intense,—
More terrible and potent in their roar,
Whether amid the Alpine summits rude,
Or through the cavern'd cliffs and Lapland pines,
Than aught of earthly skill, or practised art
Of cunning mechanist from metal ore,
Or many-measured pipes can e'er devise
In belfry sounding, or cathedral aisle.
There is not in the monarch's gilded hall
Lady, so gaily drest in gem and gold,
And purples of the east so madly prized,
That hath a robe of such fine workmanship,
(So thin and delicate, that, whilst it hides
The fulness of the beauty from man's eye,
Scatters bright gleams of silent loveliness,)
As that rich fret-work, which at midnight hour,
Oft throws its silvery mantle o'er the sky,
And as the balmy breezes lift their skirts,
The glimmering stars, like seraph-eyes look forth,
And the clear azure with its luminous orb,
Is opened to our sight, as we have seen
Glimpses of heaven beneath young beauty's veil.

Yea, Nature hath a million secret charms
Of glory, joy, and bliss with sadness mixed.
For him who loves to gaze on lovely things,
On objects, whereon beauty hath her mark,
Birds to *his* soul will lend their sweetest song;
The woods will teem with melody for him;
The stars all gazing in each other's eyes;
The winds that ever whisper to the groves;
The modest sweetness of the midnight moon;
The silent grandeur of the boundless sky;
The trees, which laugh together as the breeze
Wantons among them like a lover true,
These, with ten thousand everlasting charms,
Will rouse, to bliss divine, his aching soul!

Do ye seek gloom?—hate ye the selfish world,
With all its train of coldness, pride, and hate?
Have ye loved beauty, and hath beauty been
Unto your heart a scorpion lurking there?
Have ye found falseness under friendship's mask,
Baseness and lies for sympathy and love?
Have ye found children whom ye fondly nursed
In your own bosom, fed from your own blood,
Start up like fiends against their parent's peace,
And blast your cup of hope with grim despair?
Have you found hatred watch at every step,
And black-lipp'd envy, and cold, bitter hate,
To hem you on all sides, like fiends of hell?
Then go, at dead of night, when all your foes
Lie sleeping, (if remorse and hate can sleep?)

Low in their couch of horror and despair;
Go listen to the thunder and the storms
That revel in wild mirth among the woods,
And rouse from out their rest the frighted deer;
Go look upon the angry, raging sea,
That heaves its giant waves in proud contempt
Of all the bellowing tempest's furious strife,—
(Whilst far within its waves some gallant ship,
Which late was full of life, and mirth, and joy,
Sinketh with all its shrieking inmates down!)
Go far into the waste of wilderness
Where no shunn'd human foot hath ever trod,
Where no rude human voice was ever heard!
Go to the mountain top, whilst she alone,
The maiden, loved by poets, walks on high,
Amid her glorious garniture of stars,
And cast around your eye on heaven and earth—
Here is a noble and a great revenge,
For thou art quaffing now the cup divine,
Sacred to prophets, poets, and the gods.

All men may *here* find that for which they toil.
He who would seek to stay the atheist's vile
And boisterous blasphemy, and crush him down,
As we would crush a viper 'neath our feet,
May in each beauteous object that is near
See the vast impress of the mighty God!
The stars, so beautiful, like angel's eyes
Looking from heaven on man as he doth sleep,
And weeping o'er his sins, black as the night,

Which casts its gloomy mantle o'er the world,
Show that a God hath set them in their sphere.
The universal sun, at whose broad glance
Roses shake off the dew, and violets weep
The dimness all away which hid their bloom.
(As love or joy doth drive from maiden's eye
The filmy tear which veiled its light before!)
The mighty sun, at whose imperial look
Flowers start from out the earth in youth and joy;
And LOVE, like some gay giant, sits enthroned
The mighty monarch of the whole green world,
Listening unto the melody of earth—
The birds, and woods, and breezes, and bright streams,
All mingling in wild mirth,—as we have known
A thousand instruments in festal throng,
All musical, though various, strike at once
Into some soul-enchanting, magic strain;
The mighty sun, at whose imperial front
Nations bow down and worship as a god,
And tremble in the glory of his beam!
The mighty sun, the sov'reign of the skies,
Doth speak at once unto the heart of man,
There is a God, vast and omnipotent,
Who, as a mother leading her young child,
Guides him across the heaven's eternal vault!

We know that were its light shut out from earth,
Herbs, flowers, and plants would lose their hue and bloom,
This earth would be a waste where howling winds
Would wildly revel in unconquering rage;

Man would despair and die; the moon and stars
No more afford their light,—the tameless sea
Rush forth upon the world, and revel there;
Vapours, all death and poison, wander o'er
The earth like blasts from hell, and ruin reign
With tempest and with darkness, monarch sole,
O'er an upturn'd, chaotic, desert world.
The ever-heaving sea, on whose dark waves
Commerce erects its throne—and ships track o'er
With wealth and produce of most distant lands;
The everlasting mountains, on whose heads
Heaven rests its weary load, and circling clouds
Form a tiara for their Monarch's brow,
More costly far than Persia's diadem.
The mighty forests in their gloom
Abode of all that fiercest is of earth,
The lordly, kingly lion, monarch there;
The tiger gorgeously marked out like heaven
At evening, all streaked o'er with golden light;
Sea, mountain, forest, *all* with one acclaim
Tell of a mighty God, whose single power
Commands old Ocean's wilderness of waves,
Sustains the mountains and the forests wide;—
Sole, silent monarch of the mighty world!

Here may Philosophy unbare his head!
The very stone that strikes his wand'ring foot
Holds mystery and wonder in its breast,
Which he in vain attempts to open out.
The rose-leaf which he snatches from its bower

With its most fainting fragrance, and bright hue,
And streaks of beauty, delicate, divine,
Spread all about by some angelic hand,
Is monarch o'er philosophy, and thwarts
The boldest efforts of vain-glorious man.
Say, can he light the liquid blood of life
To dart along, in passion or in shame?
Can he shoot lava-lustre in the eye?
Can he form lips that quiver to love's breath?
Can he shape out a vein like that which spreads
Along the marble brow of loveliness?
Can he infuse heaven's rapture in the voice
Heard at soft twilight 'mid the bowers of bliss?
Can he infuse a richness to the face,
Like that which glorifies the bridal vow—
Love's purest challenge, and the heart's reply?
Can he weave ringlets of so dark a gloss,
That pine-tree of the heath, nor midnight cloud,
So dazzle in their raven loveliness!

Hush, hush, vain reptile, thou who can'st not add
One leaf to Nature's verdure, nor one stone
To her gigantic cliffs and mountains high;
Or virgin whiteness unto bosom bright;
Who can'st not even wreathe a nest as bird's;
Nor honey-comb as bee's; nor hall as ant's;
Thou who art but a crawling, obscene worm,
Who liveth for a day, and then art cast
To rot away among thy brother worms
In hideous ghastliness; who can'st not tell

What liveth for the morrow, even an hour!
Thou, who in all thy stately manhood's pride
May, by a lightning flash, or tempest blast,
Or ocean wave, or falling of a tree,
Be hurl'd for ever to that land of mist,
"That bourne from whence no traveller returns."
Hush, hush, vain reptile! think not to arraign
The mighty mysteries of Providence;
Or with thy brutish clamour to put down
The innate principle which lives in man,
And lifteth up his thoughts from earth to heaven,
From lovely "Nature's works to Nature's God."

There is a moral in each thing we see,
Each beauteous thing of Nature's bounteous stores:
The moving of the wind doth speak to us
Of *Time's* gigantic stride—the blooming trees
Speak to our heart of youth with all its joy
And dawning happiness, and careless mirth!
The Autumn leaf, wither'd, and sear'd, and dead,
And floating in the wild, tempestuous blast,
Doth show us dreary-hearted, snow-hair'd age,
Beat by the storms of time, and cast about
Helpless, uncared for by the winter storm.

Which way soe'er we look all Nature speaks.
She is the Monitor that points on high;
She is the Warder of the gate of Truth,
She watches at her portals. He who seeks
And owns her rightly, claims a mighty doom,

A destiny, the fruit of elder times.
He who in purest poetry ascends,
Nor idly worships, but with breath of prayer,
Raises an altar in the wilderness,
And consecrates an offering unto God!

Guisborough, 1830.

EMMELINE.

This lady hath her lofty hall,
  Her woods, her walks, her running streams;
And slaves that hear her wishes all,
  And tend her in her dreams.

And she is young, and she hath dower,
  Of beauty vast, that clothes her round;
And God hath rained on her a shower
  Of graces without bound.

Yet doth she ever walk about
  With languid step, and 'wildered look,—
She heareth not the ocean's shout,
  The murmur of the brook.

The world no more presents an aim,
  Life hath no verge beyond its sky;
Yet for her grief she knows no name,
  No solace where to fly.

As a fair ship whose sails are full,
  That floats with changing wind;
Stately with each she moves her hull,
  Yet never shore can find.

So moves this graceful shape along,
  This melancholy maid:
Her soul as various as a song
  Of blackbird in the glade.

She hath no care of which she knows:
  Love to her breast hath never come;
And quietly her life-time flows
  Amid this woodland home!

Yet here, amid the solemn calm,
  Hath passion wild awoke her heart;
Its strings have stirr'd to winds of balm,
  And given a new-learnt art.

Visions serene, and dreamings fair,
  Have told her of the world afar;
And she hath learnt of love's sweet prayer,
  By yon sweet evening star.

She sees the birds amid the trees,
  She sees the streamlets mix together;
She sees the insects on the breeze,
  The joys of summer weather.

The lovers bright, fair sleepers seven,
  That kindle on the midnight's breast;
The moon, night-dreamer o'er the heaven,
  She sees—and *feels* the rest.

Dream on fair maid, around thy head
  Still shall Hope's gentlest memories move;
Till fair reality shall wed
  This form, and teach it Love!

HANNIBAL AT THE ALTAR.

The heart of Carthage beats—she is awake!
  And from her hidden palaces arise
Loud sounds, that cause the stormy isle to shake,
  Loud noises, that disturb the silent skies:
  And mighty warriors stalk in high majestic wise!

* * * * * *

But who is he, that golden-headed child?
  And who is he, that hero-vested man?
What is't that makes their eyes to glisten wild,
  As though some fiend before their visions ran,
  As though their hearts were chain'd unto a demon's ban?

* * * * * *

"Swear," said the sire, "swear, Hannibal, aloud,
Eternal enmity to craven Rome!
Thy fathers hear thee from their bloody shroud,
The murdered sons of Carthage shake their tomb,
The church-yards hear thy voice, and know thy glorious doom!

"Have not their legions touch'd the frozen North,
And dyed the rivers of the South with blood?
Sardinia, once our own, is sunk to earth;
And fruitful Sicily hath felt the flood:
Saguntum now is dust, that once majestic stood!"

He swore: then Carthage cheer'd, and, far in air,
The thunder of the drum and trump were heard;
The gods of Carthage smiled, and the rude bear
And lion of the Alps in terror stirr'd,
And Cannæ groan'd with fear to know that dreadful word.

'Twas heard in retribution where the dome
Of proud St Peter stands; where blacken'd Rhone
And yellow Tiber roll'd;—'twas heard at Rome:
Yea, that stern vow was felt o'er conquest's groan,
And for the streaming blood of millions did atone!

Proud Rome hath sunk beneath Time's angry wave;
Her pillars tremble 'neath the setting sun!
The death-weed fattens on each monarch's grave,
And rankest ivy o'er those temples run,
That shouting millions rear'd for mighty conquests won.

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

THOU hast immortal visitings; thy plume
Is of the pine-like clouds, and the perfume
Of dying flowers sends up thy halo pure;
Thou hast affections that for aye endure.
What though a stain will gloom the whitest brow—
What though harsh rains will break the honey-dew
Of human joy from off life's heather bloom;
Still dost thou stream forth love, knowing our doom.
And we love thee!—thee and thy walks we love:
In the dim wood, where wandering spirits move;
By the white hawthorn, when the sun goes down;
On the high mountains, dreaming forth alone;
And when, in quiet paths, we see thy pearly crown.

The clouds are pillars for thy drooping head,
Thy empire worlds unknown; and thou art led
Onward, as one stone-blind; and thou art free—
Oppression cannot forge its chains for thee!
Death hath no whiteness for thy queenly face;
Thy great love plants thy paleness—and the trace
Of this earth's worms thy clear robes cannot slime;
Man cannot dim thy majesty sublime—
His footsteps are not thine—thy walks he cannot climb.

Thou movest on—pure, spotless, innocent;
Heaven's best ambassador to Ocean sent.

Above the barren moor new beauty clings
Round thee, and lifts thee onward as with wings,
Making thee look more holy, even as one
Repentant, after years of injury done.
Thou movest on: the child hath lost the dance,
The curl of hair, the laughter-loving glance;
The man—king, lord, or clown—waits in the clay
For the loud summons of the judgment day.
What carest thou, fair spirit! for the loud
Glory of olden time? thy step is proud,
Even now, above their deeds; and all they did,
Is unto thee as what the grave hath hid.

Thou smilest on generations dead; thine eye
Sheddest no tear for past mortality—
For monuments worn down—for pictures fair,
Rotted away—for temples, that made clear
Night's gloom by their great splendour—for the spell
Of speech oracular in groves—the well
Of inspiration clear, where the glad Muses dwell!

What is thy likeness? Hath the crowded air
That which may meet thee? Is the plumage fair,
And many hues of birds aught like to thee?
Dwelleth thy semblance in the cavern'd sea?
Hath the smooth panther, hath the lion strong,
Glory like thine, roaring in joy along?
Veil of Heaven's inner glory, where doth lie
The central point of God's great majesty?

Thine is a heavenly tent, from whence look down
The righteous on their children; thee no frown
Or shadow of the world can dim with fear;
The galaxies all join thy presence clear,
And in thine arms their mingling glories meet!
Thou art a spectral wanderer without heat,
A love-lorn ghost, that through heaven's boundless arch
Weavest perpetually thy weary march,
Whilst he, thy brother, hides him in the sea,
And never can be found. Thy step is free,—
The world is all thine own—its wealth is thine,
Its might, its virtue, these the gems that shine
Upon its coronet, thou all divine!

Thine are high influences and themes most high;
The poet walks beneath the pensive sky,
And thinks of thee; thou fillest up his brain
With glorious impulse, till he seems insane,
And laughs and weeps by turns: the silent grove
Owns thee, and the first maiden dream of love.

The pensive eye looks round; and on the bough
Topmost toward heaven, the silver dew-drops glow,
Children of thee, fill'd with thy sovereign light;
With bridal dress, making the forests bright.
Thou walkest forth, and all the earth is still!
The birds lie dead asleep, the mountain rill
Seems a low wail some chained spirit breathes:
Thou round each flower a crown of gold enwreathes;
Sleep is thy sister; and thy opiate charms,
Dropp'd like heaven's dew, soothe the wild heart's alarms.

Quiet, and calm, and queen-like, walk'st thou on,
And earth, delighted, seems more heavenward grown;
Religion soars more proudly; the strong might
Of lofty deed glows in more lustrous light;
As stirr'd the waves by thee, so leaps aloft
Frenzied ambition; thou to heaven canst waft
On cloven wing the dreamers holiest dream;
Thou art best teacher—thou art loftiest theme;
Thy stature is the heavens, thy will is the Supreme!

Yet as a dove that broodeth by its nest—
An infant dreaming on its mother's breast—
A sleeping shadow in some rippling well—
The wandering music of a silver bell,—
Thou art in heaven. Thy substance hath no shade:
Thou hast no love, though beautiful; thy head
No cincturing wreaths enfold; amid thy bowers
Of cloud no music soars. The wild sea-bird
To his far cliff in love is onward stirr'd,—
The hill-fox hath his den; thou hast no place
To rest thy footsteps—to withdraw thy face:
The blue sky is the path where thou must go;
There sound thy greetings, there thy footsteps flow.
The thunderbolt that sounds can scare not thee,
Nor lightning, nor the earthquake, nor the sea
In terror and in tempest: Sin walks on,
And pestilence hath sway 'mid tear and groan;
But what carest thou? Thy face is cold and pale;
Time cannot harm thee with his iron flail,
With spot or wrinkle; thine is sovereign scorn,
Such as old martyrs felt; thou art not worn

With woe or anguish; on thy throne sedate
Thou joyful sit'st, nor heed'st our mortal fate.
The sun hath his own glories,—he makes known
The everlasting splendour of God's throne;
Earth owes him all her hues; and the young morn,
And noon, and the dim evening, would be shorn
Of all things without him—Then where art thou?
Where hidest thou now thy heaven-commanding brow?
Where, that the twilight fades not, that the line
Of rivers blue upon heaven's gold divine,
With hills all round, is not spun out by thee?
Are not thy noiseless footsteps ever free?
Yet is the world thine own;—brightly of old
Diana shone amid thy forests bold,
Aided by thee, and bathed in crystal well,
Shrouded by birch trees, that no tongue might tell.
As now, so hadst thou joy in olden time;
Men bore no sneers for lauding thee in rhyme:
Thou wast the child of pomp, and thy far light
Was gazed on by old poets in their flight;
Wise men then worshipp'd thee: thou wert the place
Of airy dreams, and warriors loved thy face.

Methinks that first the vocal strains of fire
In Arcady, through thee, awoke the lyre:
The large horn'd deer, the panther of the glade,
Seen by thy light, had glorified the shade,
And lofty cedars had a crown of gold
Amid their green,—so rose the songs of old.

What would the earth and heaven be without thee?
The realms of air—the ever sounding sea?
Glorious old ocean!—in the days of yore,
When youth was joy, when the fresh dreams I wore
Clad me as doth a garment, how I felt
(As on the white sands worshipping thee I knelt)
High rapture, wandering by thy joyous side!
And the moon seem'd thy newly married bride—
Thy bride and daughter both! Still, in the sky,
Still all God's gather'd glories seem to lie,
Embracing moonlight,—holier rapture still!
And there the heart may ever drink its fill.
And what are woodland walks, though through their bound
All birds rejoice, and heavenly waters sound?
And what are summer dreams and winter thought?
And what is love—and thou existing not?

What time, O Moon, did first thy white plumes sing?
What time first waved thy heaven-supported wing?
Link'd wert thou with old Chaos?—Hadst thou home
Amid young worlds?—where did thy footsteps roam?
Through what strange wonders? Glorious was thy path,
Erewhile untrod; calming earth's early wrath,
Filling all birds and beasts with new delight,
For *then* they slept not in thy angel light!
Glory be with thee! still, through every time,
Through change and fear, be thine through heaven to climb,
Filling its rounded dome with melody sublime!

THE WINDS.*

HARP on, ye winds! in glad content,
Your hymns on every instrument
Of rock, and mount, and cave;
The trees their joyful notes will bring,
Each flower, each blade of grass, will sing
Your measures, glad or grave.

And not to me alone the songs
That to your minstrelsy belongs,
Of joys that never cease;
The lonely spring, the quiet stream,
The lake low murmuring as in dream,
Have heard your hymns of Peace.

The nightingale, in sweetest note,
To you her lone complaint hath brought,
To you each bird hath sung;
The weed-clad tower of ancient time,
The church bell's solitary chime,
Have join'd your banner'd throng.

Who, who may tell whence ye arise?
In what far region of the skies?
In what high forest tree?

* This poem appeared first in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal in the year 1831.

Ye come as rushing hosts of war,
As loosen'd cataracts heard afar,
    As thunders of the sea.

Or fanning round the wild bird's wing,
Or by the moon's cold pathways sing
    Along the milky way;
Or through fierce caves and arches high,
Where Ruin mocks the morning sky,
    Ye woo the love-worn day.

And whence that influence, dark and dim,
That wakes the soul's Æolian hymn
    To measures glad and gay?
That breathes unto the midnight hour
Such spell of mystery and power,
    And holds monarchic sway?

That makes the Poet weep and sigh;
That gathers tears in Beauty's eye,
    And dreams around its head;
That, breathed in sounds of awe and fear,
Doth sing unto crazed lover's ear,
    Old songs of maiden dead?

That treadeth where no foot can go,
That murmurs where no fount can flow,
    Where no proud pennant streams;
That to the stars and to the moon
Doth ever sing a slumbering tune—
    The very Queen of Dreams?

For ever breathed your hymns of love!
Ye call'd the laurel-seeking dove
    Out from the foundering ark;
Ye came to Ruth among the corn,
Singing of distant lands forlorn,
    Beyond the waters dark.

Ye waved the rushes o'er the brow
Of Moses, when the lady saw
    God's chosen nod his head;
Ye caught the stir of Jordan's sea,
To Israel's king ye sang in glee
    Ere Absalom was dead.

Ye speak to us of human life!
One hour of calm, one hour of strife,
    Now bright, now dark your form!
At morn ye sing to tree and flower,
The evening hears your voice of power,
    And trembles in the storm.

Ye speak of human life! Ye go,
We know not where,—ye have a flow
    Wilder than ocean wave;
Heaven scarce can hold ye, and the bound
Of earth knows not your various sound
    More than the secret grave.

Ye speak of human life! now high,
Like thunder-clouds, ye brave the sky,
    Now sleep ye by the streams;

Ye are like earthquakes roaring wild,
And then make music, as a child
That singeth in its dreams.

Away, my fancies! even now
I feel no more upon my brow
The mountain breezes fall:
The stars are out, and I must go
Down to my quiet home below,
Among the poplars tall.

And I, whilst dreaming in my bed,
Will list your dirges o'er my head,
And think ye sing to me,
And dream that I have wings like you,
To fan the locks on heaven's clear brow,
And roll unchain'd and free.

LINES

WRITTEN NEAR A WATERFALL.

LONELY I here repose; the birchen tree,
Like a proud lady, waves her tresses long;
This sovereign oak's proud beauties flutter free,
Singing sweet undersong;
Like a dead giant, Silence lone doth brood,
Her banners black unfurl'd on all the solitude.

My heart is sick, for I have much to weep—
  I weep, because so little I have done;
The burning years of youth all sunk to sleep,
        And yet no Trophy won;
My yearnings all in vain—my soarings high
Hurl'd down into the dust, that late had touch'd the sky.

I weep, because my heart is growing gray!
  And yet, methinks, I am too young for care;
My feelings, passions, thoughts, all sunk away,
        All life's illusions fair;
And here I faint, a wither'd leaf of spring,
Whilst all the forest trees are bright and blossoming.

I weep, because my harp-strings have no song;
  There glows no Memnon for the sunlight now;
The oracle inspired hath lost her tongue,
        Persuasion's eloquent flow.
Oh! had my time, my feelings waste, my thought,
Chimed with my sounding harp, what garlands I had
    wrought!

I have had friends—the beautiful, the brave—
  Ye dead, bear witness! they are now no more!
Mine earliest love is rotting in the grave,
        Beneath yon ruins hoar!
Hope's rainbow hues are dead, her voice asleep,
Her faithful champion 's slain, and therefore do I weep.

Yet more lament I griefs that are not mine;
  New times have fallen upon old England's fields;

No sacred light illumes the inner shrine;
No sword the patriot wields!
Black clouds of death on the high mountains curl—
Rear up the *oriflamme*, the blood red flag unfurl.

There is no Curtius now, to save the state,
Ingulf'd with all his heavenly armour on;
No Cincinnatus, in his cottage great;
No Tell—no Washington;
No God to save, though wax'd the oppressor more;
The Tyrant, many mouth'd, yells at our very door!

Oh! where is there a pilot in this storm,
To scare the Tyrant minions from the throne?
Is there, throughout the land, no terrible form,
To hurl the traitors down?
Shall fire consume our halls, blood stain our hearth,
And yet no warrior forth, to hunt them from the earth?

Thou Waterfall! so brightly flashing by,
Forgive me, that harsh thoughts disturb thy sound!
Thou only know'st these shadows, and the sky,
These solitudes profound!
But when I see even lofty names so vain
Worshipping unknown gods, how can I then refrain?

O Nature! were thy face but better known,
Thy language felt more widely through the earth,
Less frequent wouldst thou hear the sigh and moan
Amid the general mirth;

Thou wouldst become a Temple, where we all,
Forgetting each his woes, unto *thy* God would call.

Thou Waterfall! the winds delight in thee;
  The stag starts up to hear thy mellow voice;
And the dried leaves, that haunt thy pinions free,
        Thou makest to rejoice!
Oh, ever could I dream the eventide,
And, with exulting heart, behold thy waters glide!

This ancient bridge, sure it must feel delight,
  So long rejoicing on thy pathway fair;
And this white house must glory in the light,
        Glimmering everywhere:
No flower that haunts thy wave, no silver'd moss,
No pebble, but hath joy where thy glad footsteps pass.

Thou Waterfall! when I am far away,
  I shall behold thee in the heavens of dream;
And I will brood o'er what I felt this day—
        Thee for my theme;
And I will strive to mould my future life
As pure, as clear as thou, and as devoid of strife.

SKETCH OF AN EVENING.

Such were the heavens my earliest visions saw,
  And such the sea, the air, the rivers, strong;

Nature wore then a glory o'er her head,
  Her palaces all echo'd unto song.

Yet now I surely feel a wilder joy,
  I see more greatly, and not less profound;
I know that *God* hath traced this picture bright
  With his own hand—this glory without bound.

Lo! how bright gold inlays heaven's glittering floor!
  See how fine lines, of heavenly radiance, stream;
Lightning with water blended—so the sun
  Such grandeur bears him on his throne supreme.

And lo! that river, with its one still dye,
  That light unchanging of the heavenly blue,
Flowing, immortal, through celestial lands,
  With heaven's eternal and unchanging hue:

So is the sight most fair, the mingled light,
  The light, the darkness, moulded all in all,
The yellow sun, the rivers, the blue hills,
  The groves, the meadows, and the waterfall.

That is a palace, where the gods might dwell;
  That flow of stream might bear a seraph's bark;
Those are Elysian bowers, that bloom for aye;
  And lo! the pastures green, folding the forests dark!

And Ocean, in the deathly hush, doth sing,
  With voices that do sound of every shore,

And sound into the soul a marriage bell
  Of music, that shall live for evermore.

What joy ecstatic fills this wondering soul!
  I have no voice for this enduring feast—
Too large for utterance seem my raptures strong,
  That swell the heart's blood, labouring in my breast.

But thou, glad Evening! other days will come,
  When those great impulses shall find a tongue,
Not all in vain be this wild youth-time's glow,
  'Mid seraph utterings—that shall yet be sung.

LINES TO A PIECE OF WHITE HEATH.

FAIR is thy dwelling place, thus lone and high,
  Thou spot of snow upon a raven's wing—
Thou fragrant tear-drop of an angel's eye,
  Fallen on the brightness of the white-robed Spring.

The gloom that hems thee round is charm'd away;
  The winds, the sunlight, all delight in thee;
And, through the blossoming scents of summer's day,
  Clad with her treasures, sings the honey bee.

Thou seem'st an orphan dweller of the wild,
  And savage beasts do fear thy blessed feet;
Thou art of Nature—Nature's only child,
  For all her nicest ministrations meet.

Dost thou fear winter? No; the snows will spare,
  And radiant frostwork fear thy perfect bloom;
The burning summer harm not thee so fair,
  Nor steal away from thee thy faint perfume.

Much do I fear the peril of thy dower;
  Even as poor helpless maiden, so art thou!
We rudely steal away the precious flower,
  And break the pearls that deck her snooded brow.

Yet will I leave thee here to blossom still,
  My love shall come and see thee in thy place;
And whilst she of thy wealth shall take her fill,
  I'll gaze upon the rapture of her face.

I'll gaze upon the glistening of her eye,
  Her zephyr tread among the purpling heath—
How beautiful among the mountains high!—
  And 'mid her flowering hair entwine thy wreath.

Thy flower reminds of many a rugged form
  Encasing sunbright souls; though rude thy stalk,
Yet art thou lovelier in the mountain storm,
  Than all the gaudy bloom of garden walk.

Health's gentlest winds play on thy foliage slight,
  Heaven's sweetest dews make music with thy bells;
May all this love still clothe thee with strong light,
  This rock still guard, that echoes my Farewells.

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA.

"The white holly thorn of Glastonbury is said to proceed, one time, from the pilgrim staff of Joseph of Arimathea; which he had no sooner struck in the earth to lean upon, in order to preach, but, by a wonderful vegetation, to the confusion of the Druids, it turned into a blossoming thorn."—*Gent's History of Rippon*, 1733.

Lo! high above the towering steeple stands,
This giant bulk of monumental stone!
For here the pilgrim saint of other lands
First preach'd the new-born God, erstwhile unknown,
Whose body he but late beneath the sod laid down.

The wondering Druids listen with amaze,
To hear this good old man's enraptured tongue,
To see his shining head, and kindling gaze—
To know the starry world of which he sung,
That never yet they knew the forest shades among.

Theirs was religion of the open sky,
And leafy trees, and sounds that never fade;
They had beheld no martyr'd Saviour die,
His holy look fill'd not the forest shade,
Whilst wondrously from *Him* this old man's heart was sway'd.

His was religion of a holier kind;
He had beheld a martyr'd God in pain—

Had heard the unfurling banners of the wind—
The thunder roaring o'er the affrighted plain—
The lightning's terrible glare, the temples rent in twain.

And therefore was he clothed in heaven's own light,
A holy lustre shone where'er he went;
His speech was as the spheric tunes of night,
That with strange music fill the firmament:
Glad tidings of great joy he bore, this holy saint.

The ancient shadows, frighted, fled away,
The darkness of old Night was scattered;
The proud religion of the former day
In adoration bow'd its bleeding head,
And light divine from Heaven rejoiced the earthly dead.

Strange miracles lit up the forest gloom,
And shook the stately altars to the ground,
As of the thunder of a coming Doom!—
Vast rushing hosts came listening to the sound,
Whilst on the Apostle walk'd, showering God's blessings
round.

Innumerable thousands listening crowd
To hear each word the holy man may say;
Each note of inspiration thunders loud;
Upon his face shines heaven's most perfect day,
Whilst still the Saint doth preach the one and only way.

But, lo! the staff whereon the prophet leant,
Among the flowers a flowering thorn doth bloom—

A flowering thorn endow'd with heavenly scent,
That fills the wilderness with dense perfume,
And to the clouds it shoots and shakes its seraph plume.

Louder than is the clang of sword and spear,
Louder than is the brawl of rocky stream,
Sounds the loud shout of wonder, awe, and fear,
To view this greater wonder than a dream,
Who this might cause but *Him*, the apostle's God supreme.

And so unto this day blooms on the thorn,
That thorn, the pilgrimage of many an age;
And 'neath its scented boughs since then hath worn
Pure virgin hearts that burnt in tender rage
With fires that nought might quench, no solace might assuage.

And thousands from the mountain and the wood,
And the believing valleys came and heard,
And wash'd in the Redeemer's cleansing blood,
That like sweet music round their heart-strings stirr'd,
And men of pomp, and kings, listen'd to hear the word.

The evening star hath glimmer'd on its shade;
The wandering moon hath shed its holy light;
The various sky through rolling years hath made
A fitting shadow o'er its lustre bright,
Whilst still the blossoming thorn blooms freshly day and night.

Joseph of Arimathea joins the dead,
His body in the proud cathedral lies;
Now the loud organ thunders o'er his head;
Sweet choristers chant forth the mysteries
His sainted soul beholds amid the starry skies.

LINES ADDRESSED TO AN EAGLE.

(WRITTEN NEAR LOCH SKENE, IN SCOTLAND.)

PROUD mountain bird, emblem of mighty soul,
That spurnest human dust, and takest thy way
Like some Archangel, making heaven thy goal;
Thou hast a dwelling in eternal day,
Bearing a spirit's trust in breast of human clay.

I have beheld upon the heaving deep,
Some winged vessel float along in glee;
I've seen the Arab steed in glory sweep—
Fast like a tempest—like a monarch free,—
But, joyous mountain bird, ne'er saw I aught like thee!

Art thou of living fire—hast thou a breast
Volcanic, that dost dare that sovereign height?
Where the lone clouds of heaven alone may rest—
Where only the loud winds may take their flight—
Thou, heaven-hearted bird, hast dwelling and a right.

Thine eye-balls gaze upon the noon-tide sun,
  The dim eternal stars are part of thee,
Untrodden depths of ether thou hast won,
  And through the concave swept uncurb'd and free,
  And won the azure deep for home and liberty.

Ay, let leviathan in ocean swim,
  Let the fierce forest monarch dwell alone,
Thou art with troops of winged seraphim
  And midst the storms and tempests hast thy throne,
  Bearing o'er human hearts a high and kingly tone.

The Summer breezes touch thy flowing wing,
  Ruffle the feathers on thy swelling breast;
Summer's ethereal tones of music ring
  Within thy heart, and lull thee into rest,
  And thou hast dwelling there, within its bowers thy nest.

Thou gazest from thine eyrie on the sky,
  On woods that wave in Summer's robes of green,
The loveliest vales delight thine eager eye,
  Fair bloom the landscapes—quiet and serene—
  And the deep heaving sea rolls in the moonlight sheen.

Where gentle youth and maid at evening roam,
  Breathing sweet love-tales to the enamoured air;
Where peace and truth and beauty have their home,
  In pure content 'mid dwellings calm and fair,
  Thou, from thy paths on high, behold'st them ling'ring
    there.

The wroth of giant cities harms thee not,
  Nor care, nor agony, disturbs thy breast,
For thou amid the clouds, in some lone spot
  Of everlasting beauty, hast thy rest,
  By sorrow never harm'd, by human woe opprest!

Glad be thy dwelling-place: afar, afar,
  Still hold thy flight and shun the curse below;
Soar thou aloft beneath the evening star
  Nor bow thy regal head to worldly woe,
  But through the realms of air, in power and triumph go.

Still be thy temple, nigh the setting sun,
  Fann'd by the evening breezes, in the light
Of joy and splendour, when the day is done:
  This is no land for thee, but, pure and bright,
  Walk thou the heavenly Isles, in splendour and delight!

A FIRST SONG OF SPRING.

TO ———

LET not the morning sun ascend the sky,
  For thou art brighter in thine own bright sphere,
The fairest star that hath its home on high,
  Thou dost surpass, love, in *thy* heaven here.

The spring hath spread fresh flowers at our feet,
  Fresh buds upon each fragrant almond tree;
But flow'ret of the glade, however sweet,
  And almond-bud, are both surpassed by thee.

Glad are the streams and full of emerald light,
  And glad the warblings of the hill and grove—
But thou art dearer far, and far more bright,
  Sweeter than stream or bird, thy songs of love.

Come to mine arms, beloved: o'er the sea
  Come—in thine everlasting beauty come!
The voices of the Spring-time call to thee,
  And *I* am here—thy welcome and thy home!

LINES TO A GLED-HAWK,

FLYING IN REGENT'S PARK, LONDON.*

WHAT brings thee here, proud mountain-bird,
  From thy dwelling far and free?
What dost thou here, whose joy it was
  'Mid the towering hills to be?

The cloudlet is thy dwelling-place,
  The wilderness thy home,
And soaring through the heaven it is
  Thy privilege to roam.

* From the Rev. Dudley Ryder's "Gift for all Seasons."

No charm these prison-walls can wear,
  Nought gladdens here thine eye,
Whose heart is with the desert place,
  And with thy native sky.

Thine eyrie is the cliff afar,
  The pine-tree forest there,—
These are the slumbering memories
  That greet thee in the air.

O for thy wings, glad mountain-bird,
  This beauteous summer day;
The hills of childhood then were mine,
  The valley far away!

BURNS.*

"Him who walk'd in glory and in joy,
Following his plough along the mountain side."
WORDSWORTH.

GLORIOUS is poetic might,
  Nobler far than monarch's crown—
Than laurell'd victor of the fight,
  Than lords of old renown!

* These lines were inspired on hearing the splendid recitation of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," by G. W. Sutton, Esq. of Elton Hall, near Stockton-on-Tees.

Then, Burns, be thine this humble theme,
  Be thy hallow'd spirit nigh,
And light with ecstacy my dream
  With visions from on high!

Thunders from your distant home,
  Cataracts that scatter fear,
Tempests from your stormy dome
  Attend your Poet's bier!

Wild flowers from the river side,
  You he loved as well as they—
Songsters from your forests glide,
  And join around his clay!

He is dead, who sung so well!
  Nature, come with footsteps slow,
Hie thee forth, and sound his knell,
  And raise thy notes of woe!

Love, from thy empurpled throne
  Drop a tear, thy bard is dead—
Passion, truth, and song are gone
  To their funereal bed!

War, loosen all thy coats of mail,
  And let thy gory plume droop low—
O, Liberty, stand forth and wail
  Thy champion's bitter woe!

And you, oh, Poets!—ye who died
  As martyrs for your country's good—
Ye, who perished, side by side,
  All dabbled in your blood.

Come in saintly order, come
  With your laurell'd brows array'd—
Burns hath found his latest home,
  And in the dust is laid!

Come around with holy awe—
  Burns is gone, you loved so well:
Strike your lyres, let angels know,
  Let angels sound his knell!

POLAND.

ENGLAND—field of Liberty,
  Where's thy glory now?
Once, when chain'd slave touch'd thee,
  Freedom clad his brow.

Once, when Freedom call'd thee
  From her home afar—
Stood upon the heaving sea
  Thy giant ships of war!

Hark! Poland shrieks aloud,
  The tyrant chains her down!
The fell usurper weaves her shroud,
  And tramples on her crown.

* * *

What fearful, hideous sight,
  Glares red before mine eye?
A spectre terrible as night
  Unto the winds doth cry!—

"Poland's towers are falling,
  Her rivers roll with blood;
Bells of death are tolling
  Across the gory flood!

"From far Siberia's mountains,
  Her sires and matrons shriek:
Death rots within her fountains,
  And walks each craggy peak.

"England, come and aid us,
  Let thy sword the vulture slay,
His pinions overshade us,
  And darken Freedom's day."

A giant nation calls you;
  Red vengeance stalks abroad:
Her mighty shout appals you—
  A people and their God.

Grim warriors from their grave,
  Stalk forth with regal brow,
A million living heroes brave,
  From Poland call to you.

LINES TO A LADY OF NINETEEN.

VISION bright, creation fair,
  Being of the upper air;
Why, thou creature of the skies,
  Kill so with thy dazzling eyes?

Where hast stolen those beams divine,
  That within their circles shine?
Where those glancing beauties won—
  From the earth or from the sun?

Where, blest Syren, didst thou seek
  Those mild blushes on thy cheek—
Blushes like the evening's glow
  Sleeping on a bed of snow?

Hast thou trod the abysm dim,
  Where the holy seraphim
In perpetual hymns rejoice—
  That thou hast so sweet a voice?

And do angels tend thy sleep,
  Or, with thee, high vigils keep,
That thy nature is so great—
  That thou seem'st with heaven to mate.

Gentle creature, thing divine,
  Every earthly good be thine;
May all raptures glide around thee—
  May all human truth surround thee!

Love and truth, by day and night,
  Watch and gird thee with delight;
Hope's sweet blossoms round thy brow
  In perpetual sunshine flow!

Fare thee well, celestial creature,
  Heavenly in form and feature;
Oft within my dreams thou'lt come—
  In my spirit find a home.

LINES TO THE SAME.

Oh! do not say, sweet lady,
  That the light of love is gone,
That from these eyes the lustre dies
  That once so brightly shone.

It is the day's affliction,
  It is the night's despair,
It is the breath of coming death,
  The agony of care.

Thou know'st not my affection,
  How strong, how deep it is—
The more I weep, the more I keep
  Thy love's true tenderness.

Thou art the star in heaven,
  Thou art the flower of earth;
In sea, or air, is nought so fair
  As thou, sweet child of mirth!

The evening hath no glory
  Like thy cheek's transcendent hue—
The loveliest flower, in woodland bower,
  Is not so fair as thou.

No voice from woodland forest
  To me is so divine,
The songs of spheres to mortal ears
  Are not so sweet as thine.

There is not on snow mountain,
  Nor in cloud-grove of skies,
A glow of light so pure and white,
  As o'er thy bosom lies.

* * * *

Come in thy graceful beauty,
  And lull me to thy heart,
Thou hast a spell, I know it well,
  That bids us *never* part.

Come in thy heavenly beauty,
  And win me to repose;
I sigh for thee, I die for thee,
  Oh come and heal my woes!

SUMMER DEPARTED.*

WHITHER gone, sweet Summer,
  In thy holy light?
To some distant region,
  Beautiful and bright,
  Is the creature wandering in her young delight?

Perfume heavenward soareth,
  From the heath-bell's breast:
Every lovely valley,
  Where the wild flowers rest,
  Bears her hue of glory to the golden west.

Gentle lovers tremble,
  For deep rapture gone:

* First printed in the Keepsake, edited by the Countess of Blessington.

Bower, and woodland arbour,
  Tree, and "trysting stone,"
  Lose the spell of gladness that in summer shone.

Winter, winter cometh,
  Snow-wreaths on her brow;
The red leaves are falling
  In the valley low,
  And dim with shades of death each mountain
    streamlet's flow.

FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

A CONVENT's ancient walls were nigh,
  Amid the summer woods;
A murmuring stream, an evening sky,
  A song of birds and solitudes,
Delighted ear and eye.

Under a spreading oak-tree's shade,
  All drest in snowy white,
There I beheld my blooming maid,
  And like an angel she was bright,
And like a saint array'd.

A book was in that maiden's hand—
  A harp was hanging on the tree;

She read aloud in accents bland,
  She woke the chords to minstrelsy,
"That lady of the land."

Dark was her hair, and dark her eye,
  Yet white as snow her brow;
And her lovely bosom beat full high,
  As she spake in accents sweet and low,
And gazed upon the sky.

Was she a damsel of the wood?
  Was she a Naïad, Sylph, or Queen?
For many a silent solitude,
  And many a fair maid I have seen,
But *none* so bright and good!

Was she some visionary maid?
  Some lovely shape of morning dream?
A form in beauty all array'd,
  That casts on earth a heavenly gleam,
A glory on the shade?

Or, came she from the central light,
  Where holy angels ever rest?
For surely never thing so bright
  Save angels, shone on man's unrest
To dazzle human sight.

* * * *

The convent bell, the streamlet's move,
  The birds that sang in air;
Those trees, that maiden in the grove,
  (So beautiful, and *very* fair!)
Attuned my soul to love.

And, oh, when in her full surprise,
  To see me gazing on her face;
She lifted up her dazzling eyes—
  She seemed a thing of perfect grace,
An angel from the skies.

My bosom heaved, my heart beat high,
  Mine eyes were dim with weight of joy—
Upon my knees myself I cast—
  I loved—I loved without alloy—
She was *my first*—my last!

And oft beneath that ancient tree,
  In summer when the woods were green—
And oft when all the heavens were free,
  And moon, and stars illumed the scene,
I met that lovely she.

No more—she in the grave doth sleep!
  Nor love, nor truth might bind her here—
Around her bier the night-winds sweep—
  Her spirit treads a loftier sphere—
And I am left to weep!

POLAND.*

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.,

"THE BARD OF POLAND AND OF HOPE."

(See Mr Stewart's Speech in the House of Commons, in which he is so designated.)

"In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few,
From rank to rank your volley'd thunders flew,
O, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime.
Found not a generous hand, nor pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe;
Fell from her senseless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and dimm'd her proud career;
Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd when Kosciusko fell!"

CAMPBELL.

I.

WHAT sound is that I hear?
What wild convulsive breath
Of agony and death,
That breaks upon mine ear?
Poland shouts across the sea,
'Tis Poland shrieks aloud for life and liberty.

* These lines were to have been spoken by a friend at the dinner intended to be given to the Prince Czartoriski in 1833, in the arrangements of which Campbell the Poet took particular interest, along with the author, and others. On that occasion, Lord Mahon, the constant and indefatigable friend of Poland, consented to occupy the chair, but when the Prince Czartoriski was waited on by a deputation, he strongly solicited that the banquet might be postponed; and one or two of the parties having left London, the original intention was abandoned.

II.

'Tis freedom's frenzied groans!
Freedom wailing o'er the dead,
To see the hideous vulture fed
On Poland's noblest sons:
To see each murder'd sire,
Each ravish'd maid in tears, 'round Poland's funeral pyre.

III.

Her patriots' hopes are dead;
Her halls, her peaceful solitudes,
Her fields, and pleasant woods,
Have felt the invader's tread.
Poland's wrongs, and Poland's woe,
Record to endless time that RUSSIA was her foe!

IV.

Awake, ye ancient kings,—
Ye who trod the battle field
With helm and blazing shield!
Let Victory wave her wings.
Awake, awake each mighty name,
Till the Barbarian shrink from Poland's ancient fame.

V.

France, get thee up—arise!
Is there no spark remains
Of all thy former gains,
Thy valorous enterprise?

Poland's heroes stood by *thee*,
Let GAUL's triumphant hosts array for liberty!

VI.

England, where art thou?
Where are now the notes of war,
That sounded high at Trafalgar
When Neptune wreath'd thy brow?
Where Cressy's fame—where Agincourt—
And Waterloo's fierce day, and laurels drench'd in gore?

VII.

Freedom, bare thy bloody arm!
Hie thee from Thermopylæ,
From the cities of the free,
And smite the ruffian swarm.
Hurl thy shafts along the sky—
Come forth—and all the earth shall listen to thy cry.

VIII.

Poland, Poland is not dead,
She shall revive—she *shall* be free—
She *shall* regain her liberty,
And lift to heaven her head.
GOD looks down upon her cause—
The Assyrian hosts shall fall, and *Heaven maintain its laws!*

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.*

NOT in the page of Time,
  Amid the glorious and the free;
Not in the old world's prime
  Of truth and chivalry;
Liveth ought so bright in Fame,
As the Poet's name!

Then, Campbell, hail to thee,
  Glory circles round thy brow;
Thou hast gain'd the victory,
  Death and time are vanquish'd now;
Campbell's name shall live for aye,
In eternal day!

Where in the palace hall,
  Queenly beauty walks in state;
Where by lonely waterfall,
  Simple hearts with nature mate:
And far as rolls the eternal sea,
Campbell's fame shall be!

* These lines also appeared in the Rev. Mr Dudley Ryder's "Gift of all Seasons," and were written to illustrate the splendid bust of the Poet, by Patric Park, Esq., an engraving of which adorns that work.

By Susquehanah's shore,
  Amid the untrodden woods;
'Mid India's mystic lore,
  And palm-clad solitudes;
Each maid and youth thy pages ope—
The Bard of Love and Hope!

Poland from her gory grave,
  Shouts across the stormy deep;
All her shattered banners wave
  From rock and towering steep:
Each patriot links his cause with thee
Campbell and liberty!

High above the tempest's fears,
  High above the cannon's roar,
Each Mariner of England hears
  Thy lyre from shore to shore.
Each British heart responds from far,
Thy trumpet-notes of war.

Nor stormy war, nor love alone,
  Demand for thee the praise;
Each chord of thought hath felt the tone
  And magic of thy lays;
No impulse swells the human heart,
But thou hast felt a part.

Hail, Campbell, hail—let every breast
  Responsive heave with mine.

Immortal honour plumes thy crest,
  And marks thy page divine;
Yea, glorious as the stars on high,
Thou'lt live in Fame's clear sky.

Long may he live, and sun, and moon,
  Rejoice with lingering beam;
May nature bless each minstrel tune,
  And gild each poet-dream.
And Campbell's epitaph shall be,
"SPARTA POSSESS'D NO WORTHIER SON THAN HE."

LINES

ADDRESSED TO

THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.*

LADY, I know thee not, and ne'er may view
  Thy polish'd forehead, and poetic eye,
To me, unknown may be thy cheek's fair hue,
  Imperial air, and motion proud and high—
But, I do love thee: not for worldly state,
  Not thy fair lineage, and ancestral pride—
Thee love I, who with poetry dost mate,
  Leaving the haughty ranks of pomp, to glide
  With Nature's lovely forms, and wander at her side.

* Written on receiving from the Lady Emmeline, her "Impressions of Italy."

The glories of the heavens surround thy brow,
  The everlasting hills are part of thee;
Thou listenest to old Ocean's gentle flow,
  Winning from stream and grove, sweet poetry:—
Where birds are in the trees, where young flowers bloom,
  Thy spirit lingerest, and dost love to dream,
Yea, thou hast won thyself a lofty doom,
  Seeking high Nature for thy constant theme,
  And through her golden isles thy spirit walks supreme.

Lady, I love thee—not with worldly love,
  For that were vain; but for the glad delight
Thy strains have caused within my soul to move:
  Thy strains so soft, so beautiful and bright!—
O, blessed be thy visions: take thy way
  Thus proudly onward, and harsh fears forget!
What is dim earth, to that eternal day
  Of poetry in constant summer set,
  Where Nature's hymns are thine—her stars thy coronet!

'Mid courtly halls, and festive minstrelsy,
  The "still small voice" of Poetry hath come;
The ancient dreams of Sappho are with thee,
  The ancient hymns once more have found a home;
Onward, fair lady: be no doubtings thine:
  Follow thy soul's strong impulse, there is light,
A glorious light in heaven—behold it shine!
  Thy future path shall be serene and bright,
  Steady, and strong, and clear, as are the stars of night.

Blessings be with thee! I have felt a joy
  At this lone hour of midnight, such as ne'er
Before I felt—pleasure without alloy;
  And half I see thee in the radiant air!
Oh, may all holy spirits floating near,
  Guard thee, and with glad song and jubilee,
Seraphic music murmur in thine ear;
  All heavenly raptures gladden over thee,
  Dim sounds of hallow'd harps and heavenly minstrelsy!

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF LORD VISCOUNT MILTON.

LIFE just began to ope its glorious gate,
  And shower fresh hopes and fortunes on his head,
When sudden closed the sharpen'd shears of Fate,
  And cut in twain, alas! the expanded thread.
  Death spake, and Milton mingled with the dead!
O, had he lived, the shadow of his fame,
  Perchance, with those immortal ones had wed,
Who, to their country, left a glorious name,
Bequeathed to man a trust, to history an aim.

There will be wailing 'mong the ancient woods,
  Among the ancestral halls a voice of woe;
Sorrow shall fill fair Wentworth's solitudes,
  For him who loved amid their charms to go.
  The fields will lose a foot they wont to know.

Each stream whose margin once received his feet
  Shall mourn his loss; each songster, singing low,
Shall weave his dirge in symphony most sweet,
And every little flower adorn his winding-sheet!

A niche is empty in the courtly hall;
  The senate, battle-field, each lofty place
A scholar miss, who answered to their call.
  Milton is gone, who every part did grace,
  Milton, whose memory Time can ne'er efface,
In youthful prime and hope is with the dead!
  Man never more shall look upon his face—
The rich no more shall bless his noble head,
Nor Poverty's sad tribe, whose wants so oft he fed!

A mighty pillar now is fallen down,—
  Where shall his sire behold the like again?
The tree hath fallen from its mountain throne,
  And lies all prostrate on the groaning plain.
  Death is the conqueror, and did cause his pain.
Yet will that sire lament with weeping eyes
  His darling gone, whose steps he loved to train;
And all the father's fondest dreams arise,
For him, the glorious youth, who now is in the skies.

O, shroud the veil around yon widow'd bride,
  Left desolate, her lordly husband gone;
O, Death, how could'st thou loose the fatal tide,
  And calmly gaze on her now left alone?
  Could those sad eyes, loose locks, that sorrowing tone

Of lamentation, not restrain thy hate?
  Surely thy heart is as the pitiless stone,
That did'st not melt to see that lady's fate—
The eagle stricken low, beside the sorrowing mate.

Yet, he sleeps well! Ambition, grief and fear,
  Can touch him not,—earth's tempests cannot fall
Around him, who hath found a higher sphere.
  The racks and cares, and woes that ever call
On mortal hearts, are left behind him here.
  His memory lives in trusting hearts and dear;
Virtues like his made every man his friend;
  Spotless he was in spirit, pure and clear,
And thus in glory met his latter end,
And made our loss his gain, and did to heaven ascend.

THE CONSTITUTION-CITADEL!

TEN thousand gallant Englishmen,
  The noblest of the land,
When Freedom's hopes yet tower'd on high
  And sceptred was her hand,
Swore they would rear a citadel—
  That brave heroic band.

Hard granite from the mountain rock,
  Huge oak-trees from the hill,

The richest marbles of the earth,
  Were furnished at their will,
Till proud uprose that mighty pile—
  Our glorious citadel!

Great gladness swept through England
  When the giant thing was done;
The princely Barons met and swore
  That hallow'd was each stone,
And crown'd and sceptred came the King
  And planted there his Throne!

The heavens look'd down applaudingly,
  And the rivers laughed in pride;
Our valleys, rich with plenty,
  Pour'd forth wealth on every side;
Whilst the thunder of her cannon
  Scatter'd terror far and wide!

Then crouch'd the Northern tiger—
  The Gallic eagle fled;
And the vast empire of the sea
  Obey'd her martial tread:
Then Trafalgar and Waterloo
  Bore her victorious dead.

The Constitution-Citadel
  A thousand winters stood;
The people banded round its walls
  The great, the wise, the good!

And Freedom's sacred monument
  Was still unstained with blood.

But one fell night, when distant were
  The brave who loved it well,
The fiendish ranks of treason seiz'd
  That glorious citadel;
The traitors spiked its cannon,
  And the haughty fabric fell!

Then rose the yell of massacre,
  And Carnage shriek'd for gore;
The King was butcher'd on his throne,
  And his snowy locks they tore,
And the little altar where he pray'd
  Was never heard of more.

Those barons bold, who freedom won
  At glorious Runnymede;
At Cressy and at Agincourt
  For liberty did bleed,
Were murder'd all or burnt alive,
  By that inhuman breed.

War stalk'd o'er merry England,
  And murder revell'd then;
Gaunt Famine glutton'd joyously
  On twice ten thousand men;
Whilst Carnage fed on innocents
  In his accursed den!

* * * *

Oh! warning take, brave Englishmen—
  A citadel remains!
And King and Constitution
  Still hold the victor's reins.
Up! up!—be firm!—or fall! and rot
    In Treason's fiery chains!

THE GIANT HILLS OF ENGLAND!

In terror and in majesty
  Their frowning heads appear;
Monarchical and sceptered
  Their crowned brows they rear;
Where soars the sweeping eagle,
  And roams the desert deer!

A thousand years of liberty
  Have guarded them the same;
Old England's mighty warriors
  Have given them deathless fame;
Serene as evening's sunlight
  Hath been their glorious name!

The giant hills of England
  Defy the raging sea,
And still they tower in splendour,
  The birth-place of the free;
Nor thunder, nor the tempest
  Have bow'd their stubborn knee!

Invasion cannot shake them,
  Nor spear of foeman daunt;
They hurl, with proud defiance, back
  Each haughty armament;
And scorn the opposing nations
  With walls of adamant!

There spreads the grim old oak-tree,
  Our navy's prop and pride,
That sweep the mountain billows
  The sovereign world divide—
That waft our wealth and glory
  O'er every breeze and tide.

Their granite rears our monuments
  For the hero and the sage;
Our temples and our columns,
  That with Time's invasion wage;
And bear immortal glory
  To each remotest age!

There dwell the land's defenders,
  Her proudest and her best;
The strong, the bold, the valiant sleep
  Where the eagle builds her nest;
And to treason's fiery tempests
  Bare manhood's dauntless breast!

Hail altars of our glory!
  Hail dwellings of the free!

Ye are changeless as the heavens,
  Eternal as the sea:
Enduring as the giant hills
  Be English liberty!

PASQUIN'S PILLAR.

Most persons are aware that the word pasquinade is derived from the custom in Rome, of secretly pasting up against the column of Pasquin, any private or public scandal, lampoon, or entertaining joke. To such an extent does this prevail in the eternal city, that an individual is often surprised to find all the inhabitants, in the morning, acquainted with some adventure of his over night; and not a little sore to discover some unhappy *denouement* of an amour, the word in every mouth.

PART I.

THE DEVIL AND THE POPE.

The Devil sent his compliments
  Unto the Pope at Rome;
And told him, "When it isn't Lent,
  I'll come and pick a bone."

Pope Gregory this answer gave:
  "Whenever you are able;
The Pope is always glad to see
  The Devil at his table."

The dinner hour was six o'clock,
  The Devil came at five,
"Because," he said, "he always liked
  To keep the game alive."

The courses they were various—
  Broils, devils, and fried soles,
Stews, and all kinds of tortured dishes,
  Eat between the poles.

The wines were of a special kind,
  Under St Peter's seal;
And the Pope and Devil drank 'till all
  Around began to reel.

For Popes who've neither wife nor child
  To quarrel with, must drink—
And as nothing mortal dares to *sit*
  Beside a Pope, I think—

Since they're debarred of human guests,
  And men are frail, alas!
And Popes are men, they must take who
  Will come and take a glass.

Therefore, if not to King nor Prince,
  The Pope may do the civil,
I wonder not that he should choose
  A dinner with the Devil.

But to our tale: the holy man
  Said, "Nick, I'll give a toast!
"Conservatives of England!!—when
  In holy fires they roast!"

"With loud applause!" Old Nick replied,
  "And if your Holiness
Will give me leave, I'll drink another,
  Devilish good, I guess.

"I'll drink it, Gregory, my boy,
  Without preambulation—
Here's to O'Connell!—Dan's the child!
  Dan and the Irish nation!"

"With three times three!" roared Gregory,
  "Hip, hip, hurrah for Dan!"
"Hurrah, hurrah! for Darrynane!
  And the Irish Beggarman!"

"Nick!" quoth the Pope, and he winked his eye,
  "*We* know a trick or two—
But, that 'broth of a boy,' as the Irish say,
  Can beat us black and blue.

"Yes, Nicholas! your tail is your
  Disgrace—nay, no offence!
But Dan's is the glory of his land,
  And the Holy Church's defence.

"My darling Nick, I love you both;
But, pardon me—if you
Don't mind your eye, Dan's tail will leave
Your's little work to do."

"Hiccup!" the Devil cried, "I've lent
The rascal my assistance,
And now in the race he leaves his friend,
The Devil, in the distance!"

"Nick! you've been lazy," growled the Pope,
"The Irish should rebel,
And St Peter, out of gratitude,
Would turn the keys of ——."

"Hush! hush!" said Nick, and touched his nose
With the point of his long tail—
"The time's not ripe, and Daniel knows
When the wind is fair to sail.

"Since you and I sate down to dinner,
Woe to the British nation!"
"What mean you, Nick? a majority
For the Irish Corporation!"

"The Bill; do you mind of the other bill,
Emancipation? ha!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! here's a cup to the blood
Of the Sassenagh! hurra!"

"Gregory! eighty men of Britain,
Their God and country sold!
And you and I by the Boyne shall sup,
Ere that moon be twelve months old."

"But the Lords?" "Ay, there's the rub," said Nick,
And he rubbed his muddled pate;
"Good night, my boy! we'll perpend of that—
Hist! 'tis the cock; how late!"

"Good night, old boy! I fear the Lords,
Old England's noble Peers,
Will send Dan, you, and I, to ——, phew!"
In a flame Nick disappears.

PART II.

THE SUPPER.

VIRGIL—Ariosto—Milton—
All who've essay'd to tell
The wonders, glories, mysteries
That in Avernus dwell,
Assist me with your ancient might
And power to sing them well!

The Devil sent his coach-and-six,
Which small Diavolo bore;

At seven, precisely, came the Pope,
  And knocked at Satan's door.
Grim, bristled Cerberus asked him in,
  And supper was set for four.

Old Nick, and Roebuck, Dan, the Pope,
  The supper party were;
Four greater scamps in Christendom
  Did never sit so near—
"Of all my friends," Old Nick replied,
  "You are to me most dear."

Goblets of skulls, and massive gold
  Upon the table stood,
In sepulchres of ancient kings
  Was served the reeking food;
Of murderers' blades the knives were cut,
  And Dan's was stained with blood.

* * * *

"What, ho! the supper-things remove—
  Fill high these skulls with wine;
Tap the best hogsheads—those that came
  With Horace the divine—
It is not every day *such* men
  With Satan sup or dine!

"And now a toast! ('twas Satan spoke!)
  No heel-taps!—higher still!—
'The Pope!' 'The Pope!' with three times three:
  Each one a bumper fill!

The Pope of Rome—the earthly Lord
  Of every human ill.

"The Pope of Rome, my trustiest friend
  In every clime hath stood:
The epitaph of every Pope
  Is writ in innocent blood!
Oh! as I heard the victims shriek—
  By heaven—it did me good!

"Oft have I left my brimstone couch,
  At solemn dead of night,
To soothe my ears with virgins' groans—
  (For RACKS are my delight!)
And with rich glee I saw the heart
  Leap up, and *die* with fright.

"Oh, joy! the myriad gory ghosts
  Sent here from Palestine;
When the Crusaders' swords let out
  Their blood like streaming wine!
Oh, joy! upon the Alpine heights,
  The thousands that were mine.

"And never shall this brain forget
  That night of glorious glee—
When Christian blood through Paris ran,
  High as my charger's knee:
Nor when fierce Smithfield's fiery surge
  Raged with the good and free.

"Long life, I say, to every Pope,
  Long may his empire last!
The Inquisition's dreadful throes—
  The howlings on the blast—
The death of martyrs and their shrieks,
  Throw glory on the past!"

Then three times three, and nine times nine,
  The four, upstanding, gave—
Till Night's reverberate caverns shook
  Loud as the stormy wave:
Then, all again was calm and still,
  And solemn as the grave!

When order was restored, the Pope
  Rose briefly to reply:
"Good Gentlemen, I thank you much
  For this your courtesy.
My brother Popes have done great things,
  I grant—and so have I.

"Your praises *all* are very kind,
  But Satan's in *particular*—
And all that I can do for him,
  By poison, dagger, war—
(Great cheers!)—he may rely upon!
  May nought my purpose mar."

* * * *

When Gregory had done, Satan arose—
  Sceptred and crown'd the gloomy Monarch stood;
Whilst by some secret sign, awoke from trance,
  Rush'd to the banquet Hell's innumerous brood!
Fierce Moloch first, fair Belial, Mammon swart,
  And all the demons of revenge and blood.

"Princes, (quoth Satan!) powers, dominions, here,
  Who, with me, in your proud ambition fell—
I have a health to give—the health of one
  Whom all of you, compatriots, cherish well;
The best and merriest gentleman, I 'm sure,
  Who ever past an evening in hell.

"'Tis Mr D. O'Connell. (Vast applause!)
  Ireland's big Agitator, our ally;
My 'roaring lion seeking to devour.'
  I'm getting old, in fact, and he shall try
His arts awhile! His huge success you know!
  He shall be chosen *Devil* when I die.

(Tremendous cheering followed this announcement,
  Loud as autumnal thunder!) "He has done
More for my trade than any man I know,
  And d——d more souls (besides I'm sure his own!)
Pope, priest, nor devil do deserve the half
  Of thanks and glory as this jolly one.

"Lo! how through Ireland treason mounts the air,
  Her peasants paupers, and her patriots slaves!

The mother's love is changed to grim despair,
  And Carnage leaps for joy upon the graves.
More blood and groans have come from thence last year,
  Than from the influenza, winds, or waves!

"I'm proud, too, Daniel, that each Session now,
  You march to *England*, that accursed land
Of Protestants, brave men, and virtuous women:
  Why, thou deserv'st my sceptre in thy hand
Just for the mischief thou hast brewing there—
  I ne'er in England yet could make a stand.

"Then wave your beavers high, grim demons all!
  Rejoice, proud Potentates, for such a guest!
None better here has enter'd since the fall—
  None that I know has better done his best.
Shout louder, valiant comrades!—louder still!
  And Cerberus, howl *thou*, among the rest!"

* * * * *

King Daniel's answer must remain
  Till April twenty-eight;
And then, mayhap, we shall again
  Put all our friends to right
Upon the question how these things
  Have ever come to light:
We then shall condescend another
  Pasquin to indite.

PART III.

THE SUPPER (CONCLUDED.)

O'CONNELL then arose, and said,
"Friends, devils, demons, all!
I thank you for the compliments
That you have just let fall!
Proud, very proud am I, to meet
You here in Satan's hall!

"True, I have done some good on earth
For this, my bosom friend:
I've labour'd hard for Ireland's bane,
And shall unto the end:
And England's haughty insolence
I still have power to bend.

"Ireland I've kept in burning flame,
And planted treason there;
Her hope is turned to misery,
Her joy to black despair—
And shrieks and lamentations sound
For ever on the air!

"I've robbed the pauper of his pence,
The prelate of his right;
And Ireland, once a land of bloom,
Is now a land of blight.
By heaven! I ne'er will let her rest,
Till all is grim as night.

"But most, oh potentates and kings,
  Traitors and murderers here,
Ye, who in antique monarchies
  Upheld the sword and spear,
Have I perplex'd those loyal men,
  That England once held dear.

"I've call'd the King a brutal King,
  Their warriors things of straw,
Their maidens harlots, and defied
  Each institute and law;
And soon I shall devote their church,
  Sir Nicholas, to thy claw!

"Joy! friends and demons, for the land
  So soon to be destroyed;
England too long hath now defied
  Your power—your plans annoyed:
Proud England yet, ere long, will be
  By Satan's snares decoyed!

"The bloody Anarch shall go loose,
  And Treason rear her pyre;
Her peaceful homes shall fiercely rage,
  In war's rebellious fire;
And I shall then be Ireland's king,
  And to her throne aspire!"

Loud cheering followed: Satan grinned,
  The Pope and Roebuck swore,

And bristling Cerberus sent forth
  A long-resounding roar,
Whilst the black cauldron of the damn'd
  With hell-broth bubbled o'er.

"Bring hither, boy," the Devil said
  To young *Diavolo*, "bring
That crown which bloody Nero wore,
  And place upon your king,
The sceptre of Caligula dead,
  And Dionysius' ring."

Satan sat down; but once again
  Upon his legs arose:
"There is another here," quoth he,
  "Deserves our best applause;
'Tis Roebuck, he of Canada,
  The worst of England's foes.

"The man, you see, in stature 's small,
  But in ambition great;
And though a pigmy and a thrall!
  And one of poor estate,
Yet hath he quite enough design
  To fill a larger pate.

"'Roebuck!' brave boys—fill high your wine
  For lo! the morn is near—
Fill higher yet, for soon, you know,
  My friends must disappear;

Roebuck's best health, and soon may he
  Take up his dwelling here!"

Roebuck got up; but ere he spoke
  The morning star peep'd out,
Shrill chanticleer crow'd lustily
  Amid the motley rout,
And every demon fast retired
  With mimicry and shout.

The goblets vanished in the flame,
  The wine-cups hiss'd away,
And chaos groan'd most audibly,
  To view the light of day;
Old Nick, with tail between his legs,
  In terror ran away.

The gates crack'd, and hell's charioteer
  Rush'd with his chaise and six,
Whilst all the party, scorch'd and grimed,
  Each kiss'd his crucifix:
Three gentlemen of earthy kin
  Did ne'er so strangely mix.

What came of them, I cannot tell,
  And only this I know,
That they were seen proceeding on,
  As fast as they could go,
And, it is said, Diavolo dropt
  Them all into the Po.

ADDRESS

TO THE PRINCESS VICTORIA,

ON ATTAINING HER MAJORITY.

HEAVEN'S blessings be upon thee,
  Fair heiress of the land,
Born to ancestral monarchies
  Of splendour and command!
Gigantic nations honour thee,
  And kiss thy queenly hand.

Swart India with her millions
  Is kneeling at thy feet;
The old monarchic chieftains
  Thy rising glory greet;
And each rejoicing British heart
  Doth now exultant beat.

The laurels of a thousand years
  Are circled o'er thy brow;
The victories of all her kings
  Are of thy trophies now:
For Cressy fierce, and Agincourt,
  Do now resplendent glow.

Each cliff that soars majestical,
  Each valley rich and fair,

Each wood that owns thy natal May,
Is proud of England's heir:
All Nature joins in chorus sweet,
Delighting 'neath thy care.

The virtuous, and the brave, and great,
The mighty and the wise,
Are link'd to guard thee on thy throne,
And beard thy enemies;
And poets, in immortal lays,
Will hymn thee to the skies.

Grim Treason shall not daunt thee,
Rebellion shall not fright;
A million gleaming swords would leap
Their scabbards for the fight:
For the old warriors of the land
Can well defend the right.

Heaven's blessings be around thee,
Fair Princess of the Isle;
For youth adorns thy radiant brow,
And Joy is in thy smile;
And Hope and Beauty shroud thee
From every earthly guile!

And He who fills heaven's azure,
Beyond or sun, or star,
Hath led thy infant footsteps,
Hath loved thee from afar:

And sway'd thy virtuous bosom
  By his paternal care.

Power, glory, are before thee,
  The empire of the sea;
The courtly adulation
  Of smiles, and bended knee;
But, more than all, proud lady,
  A nation of the Free!

A nation famed for liberty,
  For valour and renown,
Will swear the oath of loyalty,
  Allegiance to thy crown;
And let him die, the traitor
  Who shall thy power disown!

And when thou shalt be Sovereign Queen,
  The sceptre in thy hand,
Remember, how old England won
  Her glory and command;
How, by her Church, and Lords, and Laws,
  She is so great a land.

Sustain the ancient altar,
  Religion's surest good;
Sustain the aristocracy
  From anarchy and blood;
And, oh, let Freedom firmly stand
  Where it hath ever stood!

Then will thy kingdom bless thee,
  And millions cheer thy name;
The fertile vales will paint thy praise,
  Thy triumph, power, and fame;
And History's pages consecrate
  Thy reign in words of flame.

All Hope and Truth attend thee,
  Britannia's dearest gem;
Let all unite in common pride,
  To glorify her name:
And may the God of heaven protect
  Her crown and diadem.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT WINDSOR.*

"It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her first above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy."—*Edmund Burke—Essay on the French Revolution.*

Lady, with not irreverent hand I lay
  This poet-tribute at thy sovereign feet.
O! Queen of England, glorious was the day
When thou wert call'd to the monarchic seat—
Ruler of willing isles, and ocean's rolling sheet.

* Written in Windsor castle the day subsequent to her Majesty's arrival.

Glad shouts of thousands echoed to the sky,
In triumph as thy palfrey pranced along;
Joy gleam'd in every straining British eye,
And aged men and matrons join'd the throng;
Whilst youths and maidens danced, or swell'd the choral
song.

Bright shone the sunlight on thy royal head,
As if the skies were glad to view thee there;
Nature seem'd happy, as a bride new wed,
And wafted strains of music through the air,
To bless her as she went, our Sovereign, young and fair.

A tower of British hearts did guard thy way—
Hearts that would leap to battle at thy call;
Men strong and firm—breasts of the sternest clay,
Whom Danger's fiercest shafts could ne'er appal,
Nor Death's grim terrors daunt—an adamantine wall!

These were thy champions! these thy swords of flame!
Who rear'd thy banners, and thy laurels bore:
Whilst lovely virgins breathed thy royal name,
And strewed fresh garlands o'er thy chariot door,
And pray'd that England's Queen might reign for ever-
more.

Lo! now where Windsor's towers ascend the sky,
Bidding defiance to the raging blast—
Pause! kings and mighty potentates there lie,

Whose name and fame even time can ne'er o'ercast.
Proud Queen! even *thou* must cease this lofty state at
last!

Oh, noble sight—what giant oaks are here!
Oaks that a thousand years have mock'd at Time!
These stalwart boughs for tempests have no fear,
But seem as steadfast *now* as in their prime:
Grim watchmen of the past—in hoary age sublime!

A thousand winters have the storm-winds swept
In terror o'er that fearless solitude;
A thousand summers have the wild-birds kept
Their halcyon holiday in field and wood;
A thousand years those brooks have swell'd the eternal
flood.

Ope wide the gates—Britannia's Queen draws near!
Throw wide the gates—another sovereign reigns!
Last time the bolts fell, past a monarch's bier—
A sainted corpse was borne along the plains.
Youth, beauty, enters *now*—the King of kings ordains!

Low sounds of wailing rose along each aisle,
Feet scarcely heard, and mournful sighs supprest!
Now, shouts of triumph roll'd around the pile,
Loud joy and gladness swell'd each heaving breast—
And where pale Death had trod, the cheering people
prest!

Gaze ye around—lo! monarchs in their pall
Frown from their solemn sculptur'd niches dread;
Or, crown'd and sceptred, swarm along the wall
In portraits, by some ancient limner, dead—
Lines sanctified by age, by genius garlanded.

Young Queen, behold the outlines dim and drear
Of mighty ALFRED, chief of sword and lyre;
HAROLD the dauntless—dreadless—without fear,
Who charged the Norman with a brand of fire;
And Cœur-de-Lion King, of battles' boasts the sire.

See, gentle Queen, among those warrior men,
One like thyself, whilst yet that Queen was young—
ELIZABETH, the proudest princess then,
Who wore a crown, or was by poets sung,
Or rose in history's page, on Fame's triumphant tongue.

The faith of Christ wax'd stronger 'neath her sway;
Error, and fraud, and tyranny sank down;
Truth flourish'd stronger—had a brighter day;
And genius mightier grew around her throne;
Whilst freedom triumph'd high, nor cared for tyrant's frown.

Lady, to such example would I rear
Thy noble mind, and bend thy willing soul:
She stood aloft, in virtue calm and clear,
And swept away the tempests that might roll,
Strong in her native self—beyond all base control!

There, too, is ANNE, the gentle and the mild,
The Queen of one who bravely fought the fight—
A Prince who, when his Papist foes grew wild,
Drove them before him with a giant's might,
And by his valour proved the true and ancient light.

There, royal-robed, the sceptre in his hand,
Thy grandsire from his canvass looketh down;
He was the saviour of a falling land,
And wore with honour his ancestral crown—
Nor wrought a single act that history may disown.

Gaze reverently, fair Queen! a thousand years
Gather their memories o'er thy youthful head,
Dim visions of the past—of hopes and fears—
Crowd from these noiseless phantoms of the dead;
Ghost-kings inurn'd from sleep—from Death's funereal bed.

Sage council sprang from them and freemen's laws;
They won old England life and liberty,
They rescued her from fell oppression's claws,
And proved her empire o'er the brave and free—
The victor of the earth, the empress of the sea!

But why intrude *my* unmelodious rhyme,
Amid those princely halls and sculptur'd aisles?
The poet's lay is faded—gone the prime
Of strength and glory that erst fill'd the isles—
And other strains must win the gladness of thy smiles.

Youth circles thee, and hope and happiness;
And beauty sits enshrined upon thy brow:
Millions of subjects guard thy throne, and bless
Their lovely Queen, and at her footstool bow:
And distant nations kneel in reverent homage low.

A million swords their scabbard-sheaths would leap,
Did Treason dare to plant her footsteps near!
A million beating hearts would join to keep
Thy sceptre safe, thy honour bright and clear—
Queen of the Isles! be glad—these loyal hearts are *here!*

CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS TO THE CITY.*

——— Oh England, joy with us,
And trip the steps where she doth tread, that keeps her country thus,
In peace and rest, and perfect stay; wherefore the God of peace,
In peace by peace, our peace preserve, and her long life increase.
Bristol Poem to Elizabeth.

HARK! heard ye not loud music rend the air,
Rapid and clear, as at a victory won?
Far-streaming banners wanton proudly there,
And wave their gorgeous colours to the sun—

* This, and several of the preceding poems, appeared in the *Metropolitan Conservative Journal*, a weekly newspaper of politics and literature, established by the author in the year 1835; and of which he remained several years the proprietor and editor. This circumstance will sufficiently explain the cause of some little bias and political acrimony which has crept into the poems, and especially "Pasquin's Pillar."

Each breast is full—beams every radiant eye,
Old England leaps with joy—Britannia's hope is nigh.

She comes! She comes! VICTORIA, England's Queen;
  And cheering thousands greet her on her way.
In regal robes the lofty maid is seen,
  And sweeter smiles she than the smiling day;
Peace, innocence, and beauty clothe her brow—
Oh, may she aye remain the angel she is now!

Slowly the rich procession glides along—
  Ladies and knights, and lords of high estate,
Warriors and statesmen who in battle throng,
  Or councils' wisdom, well may guard the state!
Yea, such as sway'd with PITT, the gallant few,
Or bled on Blenheim's plain, or won at Waterloo!

* * * * * * *

Now crowds the concourse deeper, denser far,
  Loud swell the trumpets o'er the gladden'd scene!
For lo! the ponderous gates of Temple Bar
  Throw wide their welcome to the anointed Queen.
Ay! where a legion arm'd might crash in vain,
Sweeps now a spearless maid, and not a warrior slain.

* * * * * * *

The banquet is begun. The glorious light
  Streams from the roof, more radiant than the moon.
The massive argents glow upon the sight—
  The merchant-wealth from farthest regions won.

And proudly ranged these merchant-princes are,
Whose ships, on every sea, wave high their pennants fair.

How beautiful she looks, that queenly maid!
  Glistens her eye, and glows her virgin breast!
Youth throws his arrows o'er each glossy braid,
  And hope and tremulous love disturb her rest.
Sweet dreams, and memories sweet, surround her brow,
E'en as a breeze-stirr'd lake in summer's evening glow.

The great, the wise, are near her—props of state;
  Princes, by valour raised, yet princes still!
Barons and lords, in freedom all elate,
  Owning allegiance, with a freeman's will;
Such as maintained their rights at Runnymede,
Conquer'd at Agincourt, or did at Cressy bleed.

The thunder of loud war may daunt *them* not;
  The cannon's lightning wears no dread for *them;*
Their haughty souls still burn with valorous thought,
  When traitors crouch 'round Britain's diadem.
Like oak-trees are their limbs—their hearts the sea—
Quenchless as deep, unfathomable as free!

With echo loud, and chorus swelling high,
  Drink they the Queen of England's broad domains:
(An empire that o'er half the earth doth lie—
  The sister vales and India's golden plains;)
And fervently with earnest hearts they pray
That, like the ancestral line, our Sovereign Queen may
    sway!

That, spurning faction with monarchic pride,
  She may preserve the immemorial laws,
That the old lineage, people, church, divide
  With *her* the Sovereign power, the imperial cause:
Be even a second ELIZABETH, as good,
Firm, virtuous, great as she—to rule in peace, not blood.

VICTORIA!—may'st thou, like thy sires of old,
  Defend the faith of Christ from fraud and guile,
Watchful, lest savage wolves attack the fold,
  Or the red harlot rear her standard vile!
Be even as UNA, (lamb of heavenly light,)
A star o'er clouds of wrong, a champion of the right.

Guard thou this bulwark of a thousand years,
  Around whose walls the brave and pious stand;
Till, like a giant oak-tree that uprears,
  Majestical, its shadow o'er the land—
The ancient CONSTITUTION, unsubdued
In grandeur battle still, the monarch of the wood.

So shall the nations bless thee, and adore,
  And the glad people in thy good rejoice;
Thy praise reverberate from shore to shore,
  Sweep storm-like onward on exultant voice;
And all shall know thee Empress of the sea,
Queen of the island homes, and Sovereign of the free.

In future times a beacon will burst forth
  In power and glory to the admiring world;

The flame shall burn like meteors of the north,
  Boreal lights, by winter's grasp unfurl'd;
And on thy tomb the enduring memory be
" England, Britannia, ne'er had nobler Queen than she!"

EPITHALAMIUM

FOR QUEEN VICTORIA I.

FIRST VOICE.

STRIKE the cymbal, sound the horn!
'Tis the Sovereign's nuptial morn.
Swell the trumpet, strike the drums—
'Tis the Lord's anointed comes!

SECOND VOICE.

Lo! the flag of beauty falls
Gracefully o'er Windsor's walls;
Peals St James's with the notes
Of gladness, from a thousand throats:
And the marble pillars groan
With the garlands round them thrown!

THIRD VOICE.

Hark! the silver clarions ring
Loud and joyous welcoming!
Hark! from tower and steeple swells
Music of the marriage bells:

Hark! the chorus far and wide
Rushes like a mighty tide.

FIRST VOICE (*repeated.*)

Lo! in bridal robes array'd,
Albert, and the Royal Maid!—
Valiant heroes, statesmen hoary,
Names renown'd in English story;
Men of Trafalgar, and you
Who fought and bled at Waterloo;
Reverend judges of the land,
Men of station and command;
Lords, whose halls and castles swell
Through each old ancestral dell:
ALL, whom England calls her own,
Circle round your Monarch's throne;
Heads unbared, approach the scene
Where she comes, Britannia's Queen!

SECOND VOICE.

Through the dim Cathedral aisle
Walks the lady of the isle;
Brighter beauty spreads around
As she treads the sacred ground;
And a holy lustre glows
O'er the marble where she goes!

THIRD VOICE.

"Strike the cymbal! sound the horn!"
Welcomes for the nuptial morn;

Near the altar, side by side,
Wait the bridegroom and the bride:
Hush! the solemn oath is o'er—
Louder let the music roar—
Swell the notes from shore to shore!

CHORUS.

'Tis the month of Valentine,
  Fairy dances, notes of mirth;
When young Cupid's roses shine,
  When Titania walks the earth,
When the royal Oberon
Blesses all he looks upon.

See, the flowers are springing low,
  Primrose, cowslip, violet;
Buds shoot forth on every bough,
  With the crystal dew-drops wet:
And the heavens wear softer light,
Lady, for thy bridal night!

Gently shield her, God of Love;
  Cupid hold thy envious dart;
Spirits that through ether rove,
  Banish Sorrow from her heart:
Veil, oh Moon, thy curious beams
From the Royal Maiden's dreams!

OMNES.

Joy, joy, Old England!—to thy utmost bounds
The note of joy and merriment resounds:

Millions of voices greet the happy pair—
Millions of welcomes load the burthen'd air:
Oh guard her well, young Prince, a prize is thine,
So fair, so great, ne'er graced a royal line!

Not Tyre, with all its golden argosies
Not haughty Sidon, towering to the skies,
Not marble Babylon, not Imperial Rome,
Not Greece, nor Macedon—the world their home—
Nor these, nor Venice, Bridal of the Sea,
Possess'd, VICTORIA, realms so rich as thee!

What lands renown'd, what plenteous fields are thine!
On them heaven's sunbeams never cease to shine.
From the cold, frosty North, to burning Ind,
Thy fame is borne in triumph on the wind;
Strange nations, creeds, and races own thy sway
Of dusky Paynim, and of swart Malay.

How great, how strong, how noble is the land
That bows, VICTORIA, to thy mild command.
It is the land of mountains, woods, and vales,
Of temperate seasons, and of healthful gales:
It is the land where social virtues glow,
Where justice, right, and pure religion grow;
It is the land of patriots, and the free,
The darling home of truth and liberty.

Where lives the traitor that would harm the crown?
A myriad swords would cleave the ruffian down.

The heroes of the gory fields of Spain,
Egypt, and India, still will guard thy reign;
The navies of the Nile and Trafalgar,
Still launch the thunders of resistless war;
The tenants of thy cliffs and mountains free,
Will proudly shed their dearest blood for thee:
Let foreign foemen to thy harbours run,
A million spears would glitter in the sun!

FIRST VOICE.

Festal gladness marks the day
Of fair Cupid's regal sway;
Whilst the wine-cup, glittering clear,
Stirs each loud and loyal cheer:
Echo, answering, sends reply,
And swells the chorus to the sky!

SECOND VOICE.

Bumpers three of beaded wine
For the brave St Valentine!
Maids and matrons, old and young,
Join, and let his praise be sung;
Valentine is king and lord,
Greet him to our festal board.

THIRD VOICE.

Mirth and music, let them flow!
Stir "the light fantastic toe."
Frolic, fun, and gay delight,
Hold their carnival to-night;

And, whilst Venus tends her dove,
Cupid aim thy darts of love.

CHORUS.

What shall match the force of Love?
  Love the god-like, Love the free.
Love controls the powers above,
  Rules the earth, the air, the sea.
Far as utmost bounds of day
Love exerts resistless sway.

Every bird on forest bough,
  Every dweller of the hill,
All that crowd the ocean-flow,
  All that tenant stream or hill,
Own thy spell, thy influence prove,
Droop beneath thy lightnings, Love.

Love can leap the cottage wall,
  And its lambent flames impart;
Pierce the lordly palace-hall,
  Chain the mightiest monarch's heart:
Through the earth its blessings run,
Universal as the sun.

Haste, young lovers, hasten all,
  Flowers and garlands hither bring—
Haste, for Cupid's self doth call,
  As he floats on ambient wing;
Haste, and crown our maid divine,
Queen of good St Valentine!

OMNES.

Shout, shout ye nations—bless the glorious day
That crowns with bliss our Queen, VICTORIA!
May all the happy spirits of the air
Unite their blessings for the royal pair!
Dryads and Hamadryads of the woods,
Resound their praises through your solitudes!
And thou, old Neptune, sound thy wreathed shell,
And all the ocean-caves thy chorus swell!

LOVE, let thy purple banners wave on high,
HOPE, wing thy golden rainbows in the sky,
PEACE, let thy snow-drop virtues now descend—
Truth, Justice, Right, your fadeless glories lend!
Let Mirth, with all her fairy trains, lead on,
And crown with balm the royal Maiden won—
Heaven pour thy treasures on the monarch's head,
And, with sweet increase, bless the marriage bed!

She comes, proud scion of the Brunswick line,
Defender of the ancient faith divine;
The martyr'd spirits of the murder'd slain,
Demand the shield of her protecting reign;
Millions on millions greet the auspicious day
That fills with hope a virgin monarch's sway—
Millions on millions join the heartfelt prayer
That heaven may grant thee empire and an heir!

Soft blow the winds, the sun shines brightly down—
Omen auspicious for Old England's crown!

Oh, may her future life be like this day,
Incense and balm, and festival array:
May never cloud nor storm disturb her dower—
Her reign all peaceful as this balmy hour,
And as earth's breast with Spring's first increase teems,
So fruit and foliage crown her nuptial dreams!

Life 's but a passing cloud, a floating shade,
With constant wretchedness and fears dismay'd—
For thee may sunbeams dart, and flowerets bloom,
And heaven's own radiance pierce the midnight gloom!
For thee, pure good, true greatness, calm repose,
Possess thy heart, and banish all thy woes;
From thy fair side a mighty lineage flow—
Pillars of strength around thy feet to grow—
And noble blossoms cheer thy youthful prime,
To grace the British throne to endless time!

February 10, 1840.

LINES

WRITTEN BESIDE THE TWO OLD RUINED TOWERS OF DOVER CASTLE.*

How like a sleeping babe the sea lies spread,
And dallies with the breezes as they flow!
The glowing depths with heaven's rich hues are wed,
And kiss the shadowing clouds that wander slow,
And clasp the snow-white cliffs that to their caverns go.

* Appeared in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine;* and was written amidst the ruins of Dover Castle, after accompanying my friend, the late M. S. Milton, Esq., author of "The Songs of the Prophecies," &c., on his way to Italy.—J. W. O.

Far, far and wide spreads one broad waste of green;
Fresh waves that leap and dance about in glee;
White ships spread out their beauty to the scene,
And gentle sea-birds wander far and free—
Yea, every sight and sound breathes love and liberty.

Far other sights and sounds, ye mouldering walls,
Ye have beheld in your great strength and prime:
O, ye have heard the storm's tempestuous calls,
And Winter shouting to the ghosts of Time;
And the loud thunders roll along their march sublime.

Full many a giant vessel full of life,
And hope, and love, hath sunk beneath the sea;
Full many a shriek from out the tempest's strife,
Hath struck these snowy cliffs that tower so free,
And the huge waves have come and dash'd about your
knee.

The cormorant and petrel shrill, from far,
Have mix'd their screams with shrieks of woe and death;
Mothers and little children, 'neath the war
Of winds and waves, have sigh'd their latest breath,
And wailing lovers sunk into the caves beneath.

Yea, when the winds have kiss'd each wreath of foam,
Or revell'd with the wanton wavelet's flow;
And when the tempest left its shatter'd home,
And smote the billows like an angry foe,
Ye still have stood afar, and proudly gazed below.

A thousand years these towers have met the sun,
And woo'd his latest ray: the tempest's tide
Could shake them not; nor winter's snows o'errun
Their strength; nor lightning fires subdue their pride:
To pierce their stubborn depths, in vain, the sunbeams
tried.

Perch'd high, like eagles, on your lofty seat,
Vain was the cannon's thunder; all in vain
Gaul's legion'd hosts; in vain each noisy threat:
England, to meet them, sent a glorious train,
Who from these watch-towers hurl'd defiance o'er the main.

Stanch patriots fought on every battlement,
And fear'd not for their country's good to die;
Their well-aim'd darts, like showers of hail, were sent,
And with bold breasts they did the foe defy—
Shedding their hearts'-blood fast for truth and liberty.

Yea, wind, nor wave, nor threatening foe, could ope
Your portals, nor o'erthrow your adamant stone;
Nor stormy Ocean's whirling tempests cope
With those firm buttresses, now mouldering down,
And o'er those rugged towers where now the night-
winds groan.

Those ponderous arches *now* are shrunk to nought;
Those lofty turrets *now* are moulder'd low;
Trench, moat, and battery, where bold heroes fought,
Scarce now have space to hold a single foe,
And, like two aged men, their hoary foreheads bow.

N

The owl within your hollows hath her nest;
The bat at midnight snuffs the ocean air;
The trailing ivy clasps each shrivell'd breast,
And gnaws for food, and climbs each broken stair—
Though once the tramp of knights and warriors sounded there.

Where roar'd the cannon from its sulphurous throat,
Now bloom sweet wild-flowers all in fragrant show;
Where sounded the clear trumpet's shrilly note,
Now gentlest breezes murmur to and fro;
And where poor captives groan'd, soft strains of music flow.

Yea, every work of Man shall pass away—
Temple, and pyramid, and towering pile,
And bust colossal—*all*—shall swiftly pay
Their dues to TIME, and feel his withering smile;
And kings and kesars rot beneath the marble aisle.

Yet Nature still is lovely, young, and fair;
Bright, as of old, her glorious dwellings rise:
No pearl hath fallen from her streaming hair—
No dimness darkens o'er her glistening eyes—
Her lessons still have power to make us good and wise.

Green are the hills of Dover—green the grass
And trees, as far as vision's bounds can go;
Brightly the murmuring brooks and streamlets pass
Along their banks, still singing as they flow,
And gaily hymn the birds from every sylvan bough.

The stars still shine along the front of night—
A crown and diadem!—The holy moon
Is fair, as when these towers first met the light;
Still glows the sun—blue are the heavens at noon—
And the fresh breezes greet the poet late and soon!

The sea spreads forth its mirror for the sky,
And mermaids float along each coral cave;
These snowy rocks still tower in grandeur high—
The patriot's trust, the bulwark of the brave—
And far your pastures spread, and broad your meadows wave.

Farewell, ye sister towers! ye bear a tone
And token of a might than yours more strong;
A moral speaks in every mouldering stone,
That life, and love, and beauty, last not long—
A voice, as from the grave, echoes these walls among!

HOME REVISITED.*

Hills of my childhood—oh, the ever lovely!
Where, in happy boyhood, breeze-like I stray'd;
Glad were my wanderings o'er your wastes of heather,
Paths of my youth!

* Appeared in *Tait's Magazine*, 1840.

There dwelt the eagle, there dwelt the wild deer;
There dwelt the raven in his towering home;
There swept the gled-hawk, like a meteor darting
Swift on his prey.

There, lingering low, the clouds swept your summits;
Roll'd the harsh thunder, shriek'd the loud blast;
Dash'd the fierce cataract, loos'd from its caverns—
Voices of dread!

Blue were the heavens in the days of my boyhood;
The mild summer breezes bore fragrance and balm;
And the lark's joyous music ascended the azure—
Songs of the spheres!

Oh, the rare mosses! oh, the sweet wild-flowers!
Rich golden furze, and the bright purple heath!
Plenteous your pastures, glad your summer beauty,
Homes of the bee.

Vales, verdant glades, and happy human dwellings,
Crowd like spots of sunshine round the traveller's path;
Old hoary cairns record the hero's grave-house,
Rear'd where he fell.

With his fleecy flocks still broods the glad shepherd,
Idly reposing in the blaze of noon;
Or, in rude numbers, paints his maid's perfections—
Pride of the vale.

Joy of youthful angler, at the early dawning,
O'er your springy pathways, bounding apace,
To tempt his rapid prey among the mountain torrents,
Golden and bright!

There the full evening greets him returning—
Pyre on pyre of glory in the western clouds;
Whilst heaven's blazing windows flash upon his spirit
Visions of bliss!

You, oh, ye woods, where the hazel and holly,
Far-spreading oak-tree, and wild-ash abide,
Gladly I greet your dear shades, your rich verdure,
Prized as of old.

Here the brown linnet sings—gladdest of songsters;
Here float the breezes, like whispers from heaven;
Here grow fair wild-flowers, the richest, the rarest,
Fragrant as frail!

Here, in early youth, rejoiced I to wander—
Love for my paradise, Hope for my guide:
Glazed are those angel-eyes, hush'd is that seraph-voice,
Sweetest on earth.

Fields and rich pastures, your treasures I welcome—
Home of the butter-cups, daisies, I sought:
Still wealth and plenty your hedgerows encircle,
Spots of delight.

Proudly, dear mountains, your fronts tower in heather;
Calmly the groves wave their locks in the breeze;
Freshly the meadows, deep vales, and wide pastures,
Bask in the sun.

Ever, oh ever, in splendour and beauty,
Flourish, dear Nature! the worshipp'd, the true;
And when Death's fingers freeze up mine eyelids,
Make me thine own!

And 'mid this vale of my kinsfolk, my comrades—
Here, where the loved and the cherish'd repose—
Here, where the abbey salutes the last sunbeams,
Grant me a grave!

SPRING.

Fresh are the fields, and lovely—bright the sun,
And soft the sound of waters!—Far, I hear
The moorland music, and the voice of groves,
The brooding notes of happiness and love!
The hare runs sportively o'er daisied mead:
The partridge and his mate, in grassy beds
Peaceful rejoice. High through the stilly air
Swell notes of gladness—from each budding spray
Angelic raptures, and seraphic quires.

Lo! now the yellow broom with buds of gold
Spangles the rocks, and perfumes all the air.
The wither'd fern springs forth again to life,
And every desert spot assumes the robes
Of youth and beauty, for the awakening morn:—
Yea, morning, like some oriental queen,
Lifts her bright eye, and steps serenely forth
With pearls of dew-drops, that like emeralds glow!

Love, universal love, proclaims her reign
From moor, and mountain, and the silent sky!
Not earth alone, but all the stars of heaven,
And sun and moon, the influence announce.
The crystal rain-drops as they dance to earth,
The woodland breezes wing'd with light and balm,
The morning mists, so luminous, and clear,
Investing hill and dale with heavenly hues,
All speak the praises of the new-born year.

O, rapture to behold each lovely place!
See how the silken moss in splendour shines—
Silver and gold! The smallest blade of grass
Seems fresher in the radiance of its youth;
Meekly the virgin primrose shields its head
Within the birchen grove; the cowslip, too,
Nods faintly on the gale; and blue as heaven,
At noontide, blooms the violet in its bower.

Season of love!—sweet chosen time!—the hour
For peace and blessedness; when hearts as young

As hawthorn flowers (as lovely and bright!)
Rejoice in dreams of bliss and happiness:
And, 'neath the shade of patriarchal trees,
In silent groves, the evening star their guide,
Sigh tales of truth, and promises of faith,
That angels on their thrones rejoice to hear.

Spring!—'tis the poet's harvest!—Wandering forth
He gathers wealth richer than Crœsus knew—
Or all the marvels of Aladdin's cave.
The songs of birds are his—the scent of flowers—
The sound of waters, and the hush of woods—
All the mute wilderness, and desert waste:—
Nature, in joy, and terror, and delight,
As with a zone of glory, clasps him round,
And with Elysian raptures thrills his soul!

And, hark! the cuckoo's solitary voice!
The voice of memory o'er hill and dale,
Evoking, from the midnight of the past,
Bright, beauteous shapes, and venerable forms,
Visions, and dreams, and portraitures sublime,
Such as the youthful fancy did create,
Or youthful passion pictured in the soul,
When first the muse inspired, or nature taught.

Thus did my heart glow in the bygone years,
Thus did I feel thy blessings when a boy!
O, not in vain, ye hills of giant mould,
Ye woodlands, in your beautiful array!

O, not in vain!—but yet I will uphold
With fearless hand, and firm, thy ancient reign—
Old Nature's reign—eternal through the earth—
And godlike bright, that, when I cease to be,
My name may live in monuments of thine.

THE CRUSADER'S LAMENT.

"I HAD a gentle lady-love,
And she was dear to me;
I had a house and fireside hearth
When I went o'er the sea.

"A little, lovely flower I had
When I went o'er the sea—
The sweetest flower in all the land
Is stolen away from me.

"I fought for Christ's own sepulchre,
And the scars are on my brow;
But what are Glory's palms to me,
Life, Hope, what are they now?

"For my lady-bird is flown away,
That I left behind the sea;
And the heart it is another's
That once did beat for me."

FIRST SONG OF SPRING.

THE first sweet song of spring
  Is ringing in mine ear,
The birds their music bring
  From hill and starry sphere:
The merry woodland round,
  The hawthorn and the broom,
And all the valleys sound
  A dirge o'er Winter's tomb.

The sky-lark soaring high,
  The blackbird on the spray,
The throstle piping nigh,
  In chorus tune their lay:
It is a note of mirth,
  Of joyaunce bright and clear;
And gladness fills the earth
  From field and forest near.

Their song is of the dead—
  Of loves and memories gone;
For Winter bows his head,
  And breathes his latest moan.
The Winter storms are past—
  The snow-wreath and the rain,
And every raging blast
  That thunder'd o'er the plain.

It is the voice of Love
  From twice ten thousand throats,
That swells along the grove
  And lifts to heaven their notes ;—
Love—Omnipresent love—
  Wakes every impulse now :
It guides the stars above,
  And rules the world below.

The joy fills every breast—
  It springs they know not where ;
And warmest raptures rest
  On every breath of air ;
For passion's sacred fires
  In court nor palace brood,
But rear their holiest pyres
  In wilderness and wood !

They feel the coming breath
  Of Summer's balmy bowers—
The breezes of the heath,
  The fragrance of the flowers :
And every primrose dell,
  And violet-scented glade,
With song and incense swell
  The sunshine and the shade.

O, joyous-hearted things !
  O, creatures of delight !
A tide of rapture springs
  To hear your carols light :

To see each fluttering breast
  Such notes of gladness pour,
That greet the golden West
  With song's melodious shower.

A myriad, myriad strains,
  A myriad hymns they raise;
The various music rains
  From heaven, in streams of praise
To Him who reigns on high,
  And spreads the azure calm,
For glories of the sky,
  For Spring and Summer balm.

Yea, blessings fill the breast
  Of poet wandering near,
Along the mountain crest
  Your melody to hear:
Nor human skill can bring
  Such harmony and art
As now divinely ring
  Within the poet's heart.

Nor envy we the herd
  Of town or courtly sphere:
To me, that little bird
  Hath raptures far more dear:
The fine Italian trill
  Can no such meanings bear,
As from that cherub bill
  Are borne along the air!

Behold! the sun how bright,
  The heavens so deeply blue;
The hills are clad with light,
  The vales with golden hue:
The peeping buds rejoice,
  And every hazel bough;
Whilst Nature joins her voice
  And listens to your vow.

Adieu!—from East to West
  The heavens are all your own;
Your music fills my breast
  With every sweetest tone:
And, oh! this blessed hour,
  Each various note and theme,
Will bring your woodland bower
  To memory's dearest dream!

ODE TO MARSDEN ROCK.*

HAIL, giant rock! hail, fortress of the deep!
Grim fortress of this stern and rock-bound shore,
Around thy base a thousand billows sweep,
Around thy head a thousand tempests roar,
And still thou dost maintain thy sway for evermore.

* A celebrated rock, standing in the midst of the sea, on the northern coast, not far from Tynemouth, in Northumberland. The neighbouring scenery is exceedingly sublime and picturesque, and perhaps equal to any part of the sea-coast of Great Britain.

What is the oak-tree of the hills to thee ?—
The winter storms can hurl it to the plain :
What the Norwegian pine and forests free ?—
The avalanche can sweep them in her train :
Whilst *thou*, defying rock, dost still as sovereign reign !

Old giant cities, pyramids, and towers,
The Simoon's blast hath buried in the sand :
Etna and red Vesuvius, with their showers,
Have held with fires of earthquake their command,
But thou controll'st the DEEP, even with a tyrant's hand.

Nor, in monarchic strength, thy only pride !—
What feelings rush along the poet's soul,
Viewing from thy far heights the expanse wide :
How doth he joy to hear the waters roll,
When, like the notes of war, their thunders rise and fall.

To gaze upon the sea-birds in the sky,
White as the clouds, swift as the rushing blast ;
To view the fairy barks glide gently by,
Or the grim cormorant sail croaking past,
Or bright rejoicing ships, that rear the stately mast !

To lie upon thy soft and velvet breast,
And meditate upon the weary waves !
Wondering when all that anguish will have rest,
Whose notes are requiems, and whose gulphs are graves
O'er hundreds, bright and brave, enshrouded in their caves!

For here white mouldering bones a record keep
Of deadly battles, and the foeman's fate;
Each pointed crag that wrestles with the deep,
Hath struck some mariner with fangs of hate,
And every treacherous bay become a funeral gate.

How glorious and majestic still that rock!—
Since Noah's bark first plough'd the untrodden sea,
Still hast thou match'd with Time's incessant shock,
Maintain'd thy place, unconquerable and free,
The emblem of our island goddess, Liberty!

And, if corroding waves have eat their way,
And shaped fair portals, and a passage wide,
Thou claim'st the treasures from each coral bay,
And sea-nymphs disport there in amorous pride,
And mermaids of the deep along thy caverns glide.

Voices of power and eloquence are thine,
And rainbow glories of the moonlit night:
The sea pours songs and melodies divine,
And thunder-tones that sound with prophet might,
And all the winds of heaven do greet thee with delight.

Farewell!—perchance when I retrace this shore
This heart that now beats fresh, and strong, and high,
And joys to hear the waves tempestuous roar,
And watch the cloudy vestures of the sky,
Less proudly shall record these sights that greet the eye.

But thou hast looks eternal,—thou wilt be
When he who loves thee hymns thy praise no more:
Stronger than lords and monarchs, and more free,
Thy empire still shall stretch along the shore,
And dare the tempest's strife, and brave the surge's roar.

THE TRYSTING-PLACE REVISITED.

It is the self-same dwelling,
It is the self-same tree;
The self-same streamlet swelling
Its notes for thee and me.

Thus was the sun at even,
The clouds all golden-bright:
Thus to the gates of heaven
The sky-lark caroll'd light.

The furze, the broom, the heather,
And every floweret there,
Perfumed the summer weather
With fragrance rich and rare.

Even thus we sat, fair maiden,
Even thus thy gentle eyes,
With love and pity laden,
Were kindled by my sighs.

The star, in midnight splendour,
  Shone not so pure and strong;
And oh, that voice so tender,
  Outmatch'd the linnet's song!

Dim years have past before thee,—
  What sorrow has been thine!
But still I must adore thee,
  For still thou art divine.

Oh, madness, that we parted,
  Or slander should prevail:
Two lovers broken-hearted,
  Now tell the mournful tale.

Alas! the piteous story—
  They bore her o'er the sea;
Who wert my life—my glory,
  The universe to me!

My tears have wet the pillow,
  My sighing fill'd the night,
Whilst o'er the rolling billow
  They swept thee from my sight.

In morn's deceitful slumber
  Thy vision lit mine eyes,
With beauties that outnumber
  The treasures of the skies.

The change that stirr'd the ocean,
  And stript each forest tree,
Quench'd not my soul's emotion
  The love I bore to thee.

All matchless is thy beauty,
  As in the summers gone:
Immoveable in duty,
  My vows are still thine own.

And thus, beloved daughter
  Of gods! (for so thou art:)
I'll spill my blood like water
  Ere thou and I shall part.

CHARTIST ECLOGUE.*

TIME—MIDNIGHT.

Propria Personæ—JACK CADE, WAT TYLER.

CADE, *musing.*

THE fire burns low, the taper's nearly out;
Ah me! what are these Chartists all about?

* This poem was written during the great political excitement of 1839 and 1840, and was chiefly aimed at the Chartist leaders of Sunderland, where the author was residing for a short time. The heroes of Chartism are mentioned under the celebrated *cognomina* of Jack Cade and Wat Tyler.

Am I that CADE, who, scarce twelve months ago,
Swore that our cause must win without a blow—
Declared that Freedom's sons must nobly stand
And rear the flag of triumph through the land?
Alas! poor Chartism, like the lights, looks blue,
And still no brighter prospect meets my view.
Where are the dreams of triumph, wealth, and power,
That came, like Danaæ, in a golden shower?
Where are the fields and acres that we sought?
Like Rachel, still I call, and they are *not*.
Where are the rich men's goods, the equal rights,
For which we bawl'd the weary winter nights?
Where the paid members, annual parliaments,
For which we pour'd such loud and long laments?
Where, where the ballot, suffrage—say, oh where?
Alas! they're visions of the baseless air:
All, all our meetings, speeches, threats, are vain,
Our daggers, pistols, pikes, and fields of slain;
Still I am only CADE, and TYLER rues
That ere we ventured on the sale of news;
For *Liberators*, *Northern Stars*, are sour,
And those who bought them once will buy no more.

(*Suddenly leaps up as if alarmed.*)

'Tis but the wind that howls against the door—
I thought 'twas Satan that had cross'd the moor;
For Belzebub and I myself are even—
I am against the Queen, he arm'd 'gainst heaven.
Arms!—there's the rub!—arm, brother Chartists, arm!
Pikes, blunderbusses—raise the loud alarm;

Strike down these ermined ruffians, lords and all;
Clergy, and squires, and Commons—they must fall.
Down with the middle classes, merchants too,
Strike them to earth, the scoundrels yet shall rue;
Their castles, churches, palaces, shall blaze,
And all the world on this bold action gaze:
Then, gallant brethren, when the battle's o'er,
And all the rich are butcher'd in their gore,
We'll seize their treasures, and need work no more.

[*Falls asleep.*

THE DREAM.

SCENE—*Mount Vesuvius in a state of eruption. Pluto is discovered at the edge of the crater engaged in culinary operations, assisted by his Imps. He is stirring with much eagerness an enormous cauldron.*

PLUTO *sings.*

Twice ten thousand years are run,
Still my labour's scarce begun;
Twice ten million mortals more
Surge-like through these caverns roar.

Imps and demons come along,
Join with me the choral song;
Stir the cauldron to our measure,
With our toil we'll mingle pleasure.

Heap our feast, the best you can,
Richest blood that ever ran;

Brains of lovers young and tender,
Cheeks of maidens fair and slender.

Bring me breaking hearts a score,
Funeral tears a gallon more;
Then, my younkers, quickly ride,
For a new kill'd suicide.

Noble guests are mine to-night,
Sprites of metal, fiends of might;
Ride like lightning, swifter, harder,
Each new grave must help my larder.

Enter SPIRIT OF FIRE.

What, ho! good Pluto? What's the matter?
Why, I declare, I think you're fatter.

PLUTO.

No thanks to you, nor yours, good master!
But why so long—why wern't you faster?
What business has detained you thus?
What puts you, sir, in such a fuss?

SPIRIT OF FIRE.

Fuss! devil take it, why, these Chartists
Are worse than all the Buonapartists!
I thought that Moscow business o'er,
My toil all done, I'd work no more.
But, curse them, I've been all the way
To Brummagem, this very day.

PLUTO.

To Brummagem!—What business brought you?
I'm sure there's blaze enough without you!

SPIRIT OF FIRE.

It was a glorious sight, as ever
Flamed from Avernus' fiery river.
Oh, how the reeking rafters sent
Their glow into the firmament.
The lurid pillars stream'd on high,
Till even the moon was hid; the sky
Seem'd nought but blackness to the eye.

PLUTO.

How happen'd this? Was't accident?
Or was the conflagration *meant?*

SPIRIT OF FIRE.

Oh, had you seen the embers dart,
I'm sure it would have joyed your heart!
The Chartists, too, carousing, quaffing—
You would have split your sides with laughing.
They jump'd and danced with such mad play,
Like Cannibals around their prey—
What pity they were driven away!

PLUTO.

Methinks they'll have a glorious blow
Whene'er they visit us below.
But brother Slaughter comes—what, ho!

SPIRIT OF MASSACRE.

What, ho, good friends! how goes the feast?
I'm hungry—I've been travelling east;
The wind blows cold, the tempest's high,
And all the way from Wales am I.

PLUTO.

Right welcome, best and trustiest friend,
Without whose aid my reign must end.
Apicius would have rode from Rome
To such a feast; but, Newport, come!

SPIRIT OF MASSACRE.

Last evening as I sharp'd my knife
To stab a jealous Spaniard's wife,
I heard a noise across the sea,
Which seem'd as from the Tuilleries;
I listen'd on the western gales,
And, lo! the clamour rose from Wales!
Oh, 'twas a glad and glorious sight
To see that brief, but bloody fight!
(Though Frost, the leader, "ran away,
And lives to fight another day.")
There, lying on the gory ground,
Lay numbers rent with mortal wound:
I saw their gashing limbs—I saw
The mark of many a deadly blow,
The forehead's damp, the fever'd eye,
The last proud look when heroes die;
I heard the shout of battle swell,
The rush of horsemen down the dell,

The clash of swords, the clang of spears,
The noise then faded on mine ears:
The last dull sounds that struck me then,
Were as the moans of dying men;
But one poor sufferer, struggling near,
Call'd faintly on his children dear,
Then sought his soul another sphere!

PLUTO.

Who brought them there: what wretch imbrued
His fingers in his country's blood?

SPIRIT OF MASSACRE.

Frost—that's the name! a rebel he,
Whose doom should be the gallows tree.

PLUTO.

Still, brother Slaughter, we should starve,
If traitors did not help to carve.
When Freedom's carnival of gore
Begins, the richer is our store;
When rebels stalk across the land,
More strongly, proudly, we command:
When fools and knaves the chorus swell,
There 's gladness through the vaults of hell.

(*Puts his ear to the crater.*)

Hark! I hear a mighty roar,
Like billows 'gainst a rocky shore;
Like a thousand eagles rushing;
Like a thousand torrents rushing;

Like a loosen'd avalanche
Sweeping forest, root and branch;
Like the earthquake, like the thunder:
What the devil is't, I wonder?

Enter SPIRIT OF REVOLUTION.

Hail, hail! great Pluto! king of gods and men,
Lord of hell's gulphs, and all that they contain!
How is your wife?—how is fair Proserpine?
What have you got for dinner?—How's your wine?

PLUTO.

Right glad am I to see thee once again!
Whence hast thou come?—From what red fields of slain?
What king is dead?—What nation most in tears?
I have not seen thy face for fifty years!

SPIRIT OF REVOLUTION.

Great king! majestic monarch! conqueror
Of earth and hell—from Styx to Afric's shore,
Listen, whilst I my ghastly tale unfold,
Of sovereigns murder'd, and of empires sold.
Since last we dined on Etna's fiery plain,
When war's red blood-hounds thunder'd through the
Seine,
Hearing the shrieks of murder sounding past,
Thither I journeyed on the swiftest blast,
And reach'd my dearest Paris just in time
To see some fighting on a scale sublime.
Bravely and gallantly the soldiers fought,
Till beat by hosts, they perish'd on the spot;

And the brave Swiss still struggled unsubdued,
Till raging thousands spilt their warrior blood:
Men fought like demons, and my heart-strings beat
To see such heaps of carnage at my feet.
I strayed till gentle Marie Antoinette
Bequeathed to France her life and coronet.
I strayed till Robespierre had cut his throat,
And lives of Frenchmen were not worth a groat;
And then, when massacre had done its part,
I left the scoundrels to friend Buonaparte.

PLUTO.

Where went you then, good crony, Revolution?
What empire, people, king, were next undone?

SPIRIT OF REVOLUTION.

From Versailles, where I called on Louis Philippe,
I journeyed southward to give Spain a fillip.
Then left my card on Portugal's young Queen,
And sent Don Miguel to the bloody scene.
But ne'er, good Pluto, have I seen such tricks,
Since thou baptized me in the lethal Styx,
As Russia play'd *my* friend and *thine*, old Nicks.

PLUTO.

Be civil, sir, my name is Pluto—Nick 's
A modern name: mine beats it all to sticks.

SPIRIT OF REVOLUTION.

I gazed on Warsaw's shrieking walls,
And heard the rattling thunder-balls,

And saw the warrior-tide:
Carnage then madly clapp'd his hands,
And grinn'd to see those hero bands
All butcher'd in their pride.
Joy, joy! the massive temple fell;
The ruin'd homes of princes tell
The force of Cossack steel:
Thousands of deathless patriots stood
In hostile strength: alas! their blood
Was but the vulture's meal.

PLUTO.

And whither then?

SPIRIT OF REVOLUTION.

England, the land of all, I hate,
The proud, the fearless, and the great,
Land of pure laws and liberties,
Where revolution pines and dies;
There I had heard some rumours rife
Of fire, and blood, and battle's strife!
So, having had no work to do
Since Hunt's affair at Peterloo,
By way of penance on my trade,
I call'd on Tyler and on Cade.

PLUTO.

Well, think you, friend, there 's any chance
That England will resemble France?

SPIRIT OF REVOLUTION.

Ay, there 's a fearful stir abroad,
Of hate, revenge—a deadly load;
Rank treason stalks across the land,
Fearless of man's or God's command:
Rebellion 's now commenced its march,
With pistol, dagger, pike, and torch;
And, if I scent aright the wind,
A train of blood remains behind.
War, civil war—the orphan's tears—
The widow's groans, the good man's fears;
Father and son, in fierce array,
And kinsmen met in battle fray;
The pillaged town, the ravish'd maid,
The flaming street—war's dreadful trade;
Castles consumed, and famine gaunt,
With madness, penury, and want;
Deserted cities, ruined homes,
Each village now a place of tombs.

* * * *

But, to the feast, what have you got?
What joint is that—is't cold or hot?

PLUTO.

That fine fish I caught near Mona,
It's the whale that swallow'd Jonah!
The soup, I warrant, it is made
From the first King Charles's head,
With a slice of Afric mutton
From the rump of Sambo Sutton:

Three spare ribs from Thurtell's chest,
Cuts from Burke's and Bishop's breast,
And Greenacre forms the rest.

SPIRIT OF REVOLUTION.

And these joints?

PLUTO.

These my imps brought, every one—
And they're rich as venison.
That's a wing of Cleopatra,
That's the famous king of Hayti.
Lo! the fiery dragon's haunch,
Fit for aldermanic paunch,
Which St George of England slew—
England's champion, brave and true.
Tongue of lizard, tail of snake,
Liver of a murder'd rake;
Miser's jaundiced hands are these,
With some pirates from the seas.
Alexander's carving knife,
That which took his Clitu's life,
Is for you: whilst Fire and Slaughter
Take what slew Virginius' daughter,
And spilt Cæsar's blood like water.

SPIRIT OF REVOLUTION.

And that chair, what other wight
Expect you at our feast to-night?

PLUTO.

A friend of yours, the Chartist, Cade.

(*Shouts loudly.*)

Cade, awake, awake, arise!
Hasten to our sacrifice.
Revolution, Slaughter, Fire,
Wait you at our orgies dire.
Up! awake! the blood is streaming,
Wild Vesuvius' flames are streaming.
Up! we greet thee: brother, come
Hither, unto Pluto's home!

CADE, *starting up wildly.*

What dream is this? What horrid, hideous dream?
My blood boils, and a dizzy madness creeps
All through my brain and heart! Hence, hence,
Ye grisly phantoms! Hence, foul demons, hence!
Me miserable! what penalty is mine?
And yet, forgive me heaven, if punishment
Is due, that I have wronged thy high commands;
I will repent me! Never, never more,
Will I incite rebellion in the land,
Nor spout seditious speeches to the mob.
O! I feel faint; these shadows have unmann'd me!
It is the *Northern Times* has brought this dream
Thus palpably before me! Spare, oh spare!
Good editor: though strong, be merciful,
And I will ne'er provoke your vengeance more.
Alas, alas! [*Exit to bed.*

THE WRECK OF THE SYRIA,

OFF SUNDERLAND, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 13, 1840.

THIS voyage of the Syria was her first. She sailed from the port the preceding evening, and had only been launched a few days. Amongst the sailors was a youth making his first voyage, and his afflicted mother saw him perish from the shore.

THE calm and stillness of the dying year—
Light clouds, bright sun, a clear and lovely sky—
These were thy dower, bright ship, the offerings dear
Bestow'd by Nature with a parting sigh,
As o'er the azure deep thou swep'st in glory by.

The waves roll'd fresh and joyous at thy prow;
The breezes revell'd in thy sails with pride;
Bravely thy pennant flutter'd to and fro,
As keen to track the watery prospect wide,
And pierce the far obscure, a monitor and guide.

High hopes, proud thoughts, and bounding hearts were there,
Dauntless for deeds of triumph on the wave;
They feared not sleety rains, nor murky air,
Nor lowering clouds, nor when the tempests rave,—
Alas! that smiling deep, how soon to be their grave!

Hark! how the storm is whistling through the shrouds;
What angry thunders roll along the shore:
Wild, black, and threatening are the broken clouds,
And the fierce storms like hunted tigers roar,
Whilst torrents, biting cold, a constant deluge pour.

Louder, and louder yet the billows roll,
Furious and fierce—ten thousand armies strong!
Lo! like battalions, armed for death, they call,
And madly rush like famish'd wolves along—
Again, and lo, she towers almost the clouds among!

Even like a fiend she struggles with her foe,
Wars with the wave, and wrestles with the storm;
And now, as in despair, she welters low,
Again to rise more giant-like in form,
Whilst ruder swells the blast, more fell the billows swarm.

Alas for them!—is there no arm to save?
See, how they strain each sinew in despair!
That beacon-star but lights them to their grave;
Yon lurid red but aggravates their care,
And pierces through the storm as with a demon's glare.

Morn's dreary dawn but pictures forth their doom—
A taper that will light them to their bier;
The haven, late their trust, will be their tomb;
Their succour farthest when it seems most near—
And Hope itself is turn'd to agony and fear.

An image of some beauteous mountain hart,
That swept at morning o'er the hills afar,
The huntsman's shaft has entered near its heart,
It struggles homeward through the tempest's war,
And drops, with straining eyes bent on its dwelling far!

Yon aged man, lo! how he clasps the mast,
And stares in stony terror on the sky;
His white hair streams along the wintry blast,
White as the clouds of spray that o'er him fly;
And, far across the deep swells each despairing cry.

And, lo, that youth!—this cruise his first, his last;
See how the thundering billows o'er him tread!
A few short hours, a mother's tears ran fast
Along that gentle face, now cold and dead—
No more—oh, never more!—the Ocean is his bed!

Thousands are gazing from each cliff and bay:
Lo, how her timbers shiver in the strife.
Can ye not save that ship?—Alas, the day!
As well control the clouds when storms are rife,
Or in the ribs of Death place confidence and life!

One trial—'tis the last—all hope is o'er.
The boat is gone, the blasts more wildly rave:
One shriek from sea and land, 'mid Ocean's roar,
That swells in anguish o'er the howling wave—
'Tis past, that ship is gone—the cavern'd rock her grave.

Brave, gallant souls!—Ye never shall behold
The loved, the blest, the cherish'd, the most dear;
Life's cares, life's joys, the memories of old,
The clasping hand, the smile of hope, the tear—
All, all are cold for you, within your stormy bier.

Yet shall they dream of you, though you are gone—
And in the plaining wind your requiem know;
Your dirge be heard in Ocean's hollow moan
At evening, when the sun is sinking low;
And in the Poet's hymn, narrating as he saw!

LINES.

How oft, oh! Guisborough, 'mid the blackened walls
Of mighty cities have I thought of thee!
The crowded marts, dense streets, and stately halls,
The paths of commerce or festivity,
The pomp of human life had still no charm for me.

And, now, once more I tread my native hills,
And gaze upon the infinity of space!
I hear the music of a hundred rills;
I view the distant ocean's smiling face;
Each far-extending vale and lonely dwelling-place.

The streams' soft murmurs warble through the dell,
And the gaunt trees, with ivy garlanded,
Wave their green foreheads to the breezes' swell;
And, lo! that graceful creature o'er my head,
The gled-hawk of the woods, sails far with pinions spread.

Oh, who amidst the city's weary strife,
And the world's tumults would pursue his way,
When here might flow a pure and noiseless life,
With Nature's triumphs, and a Poet's sway,
High dreams, unfettered thoughts, and blissful dreams
alway.

The happy birds flit round me without fear;
The gentle winds breathe audibly above;
A thousand songs rejoice my listening ear,
From lone, untrodden bowers of peace and love;
And every quiet nook breeds raptures where I rove.

Farewell, then, haunts of wickedness and woe;
Farewell, each noisy and tempestuous scene;
Far from your maddening revelries I go,
Your festive bowers, where all too long I've been,
And here I dwell again, reposing and serene.

Here, 'mid these hills august, these woodlands fair,
These peaceful vales, and solitudes remote;
Dear Nature's works shall now be all my care,—
To con the wild-flowers, hear the wild-birds' note,
And meditate alone in purity of thought.

Yea, I will worship thee, oh! Nature dear!—
First-born of God, and empress of the earth;
These regions, which have been thy chosen sphere,
And where, from chaos, thou emerged'st forth,
Shall claim the Poet's lays in honour of thy birth.

And, largely as thy blessings have been given,
So shall my strains arise in praise of thee;
And, as thy treasures were vouchsafed by heaven,
So may thy impulses extend to me,
That I may sound thy praise in measures bold and free!

A REMEMBRANCE.

O, LOVELY moon, that ridest so high,
Careering over hill and tree,
What memories gather in mine eye,
As, wandering forth, I gaze on thee!

The harvest wealth is garner'd in,
The harvest song is sounding near;
No sound of woe, no dream of sin
Methinks can reach thy holy sphere.

For all the air is calm and bright,
The ocean waves are dimly heard;
And, slumbering 'neath thy hallow'd light,
The smallest leaf is scarcely stirr'd.

Even so in hours for ever gone
  I gazed upon thy sinless brow—
Even so, enraptured and alone,
  I watch'd thy printless steps, as now.

Yet, not alone!—oh, not alone,
  By sweet Winander's dulcet shore:
Ah me, *that* vision too is gone—
  That bliss is past—that dream no more!

Can I forget that silent hour,
  Beneath the magic of thy ray?
Can I forget the woodbine bower,
  Whose memory ne'er shall pass away!

That brow so clear, that cheek so fair,
  Those ringlets glancing in the light—
The vows, the sighs—the deep despair
  That haunts me since that fatal night.

What recks it now!—no more for me
  That angel voice shall sound again:
Another's arms encircle thee—
  Another bosom soothes thy pain.

Yet, often in the lonely night,
  When all the winds of heaven are still,
The vision sweeps across my sight—
  That moonlight hour, that moonlight hill!

VERSES

INSCRIBED ON THE TOMBSTONE ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF

JACOB MINNIKIN,

MASTER OF THE BRIG SYRIA, OF SUNDERLAND,

WHO WAS DROWNED FROM THE WRECK OF THAT VESSEL IN THE GREAT STORM OF NOV. 13, 1840.

STOP, stranger, stop! in silence tread
Amidst the dwellings of the dead.
This stone records the second grave
Of one, first buried in the wave;
This sod enshrouds the gallant form
Of him who perish'd in the storm:
A man of virtue, honour, trust,
Reposes here, in hallow'd dust.
Then think, and weep, for, in a breath
He sunk within the jaws of death;
And haven'd here his body lies,
His spirit safe beyond the skies.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF DURHAM.*

I.

SPLENDOUR, and power, and greatness pass away.
All things that dwell on earth, or haunt the air,

* This and several of the other poems arranged in this part of the work, first appeared in the *Northern Times*—a paper which the author established and conducted in the North of England, after retiring from the *Conservative Journal.*

Like gaudy insects of a summer day,
Disport awhile, then glide, we know not where;
Yea all must fade—the brightest and most fair.
The Lord of lordly Lambton is no more!—
The narrow bier is now his sole domain;
He shall not hear again old Ocean's roar,
Nor view with pride the castellated plain.
Wealth, station, lineage, nor the pomp of place,
Can daunt dread Azrael in his fell career;
The winged chargers sweep their viewless race,
Nor reck of weeping wife, nor children dear,
Nor sorrow's lengthen'd groan and sad lamenting tear.

II.

What though obsequious vassals own'd his thrall,
And liveried menials tended at his nod;
What though he ruled proud Lambton's princely hall,
And own'd the acres where his footsteps trod;—
They could not save—their lord is but a clod!
Death spares nor sceptred kings, nor houseless poor;
Prince, peer, and peasant own alike his sway;
He tramps the palace roof, and cottage floor,
And rules as Conqueror over human clay!
Then pine not, ye of low and mean estate,
Nor grudge the penalties by Heaven decreed;
Though girded round by tyranny and hate,
Ye all are equal—sprung of heavenly seed,—
The grave a nurturing urn, from whence your souls are freed.

III.

And thou, sad widow, in thy mourning pall,
Lament not, though thy early dreams are o'er:
Christ is thy husband—He will hear thy call,
Though earthly hope and solace be no more:—
What use for tears, why needlessly deplore?
And you that largely tasted of his love,
And basked in joy and beauty at his side,
Grieve not too wildly in each silent grove,
Though once adored, and once your father's pride:—
Wife, children, orphans, who in love and choice,
Like trees of summer, blossom'd 'neath his eye,
O, mourn not, that ye hear no more his voice,
Whose sainted spirit walks the realms on high,
Shrived of his mortal sins, a dweller of the sky!

BOMBARDMENT OF ST JEAN D'ACRE.

Like oak trees of the rock
Our giant vessels stood,
Defied the battle's shock
Of massacre and blood:
Whilst Napier, gallant tar,
Led foremost in the war,
Nor fear'd that hostile star
Could them mock.

It was a glorious sight,
Those bulwarks of the sea—
The sails all snowy white,
The banners floating free:
And every iron throat
In fiery thunders smote
Each fortress—did they not?—
On the lea!

And, faster now each sheet
Of ruddy lightning glows;
More hot the molten sleet
On flag and crescent flows:
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Be your thunders heard this day,
O'er each continent and bay
Of your foes.

Again the dreadful shell
Of Death ascends on high;
Again, like gleams of hell,
The rockets fiercely fly:
But, hark! that horrid roar,
Like an earthquake-riven shore,
Or Etna's lava-shower,
Rends the sky!

One moment did the fire
And the brand in circle play—

The next, a funeral pyre
On twelve hundred warriors lay;
The heavens were shook with dread,
And the smoke hung overhead,
Like mourners for the dead,
On that day.

Then weep for them who died
In the battle's fearful strife;
For the widow and the bride,
For the daughter and the wife:
Yes! one bitter tear of woe
Can our heroes spare a foe,
Even to them that struggled so
For their life!

And now, the requiem o'er,
Let the joyous wine-cup blaze,
Your high libations pour
To the victor and his bays:—
Three cheers for England's tars
Triumphant from the wars,
Who shall boast of honoured scars
All their days.

TO THE CUCKOO.

FAIRY of the mountains,
  Spirit of the grove,
Charmer of the fountains—
  Whence that voice of love?

From what secret dwelling
  Sounds the changeful note—
Now from forest swelling,
  Now from vale remote!

Not the lark of morning,
  Nor the birds of night,
(All the groves adorning!)
  Match thy voice of might:

Voice that floats through heaven
  With its tale of mirth—
Glories of the even,
  Melodies of earth.

Hues that fill the forest—
  Freshest of the Spring;
Where the palm-tree soarest,
  Where the wild-birds sing.

Harbinger of glory,
  Rapture and delight,
When the mountains hoary
  Rise in verdure bright:

When the primrose springeth:
  When the violets bloom;
When mute nature bringeth
  Flowers for Winter's tomb.

Thus in boyhood-pleasure,
  From some distant tree,
Came the solemn measure
  Greeting unto me.

Thus the heavens were gladden'd,
  Thus the earth was bright:—
Heart and soul unsadden'd;
  Spirit calm and bright.

Thus in death's cold shadow,
  Shall the echo near
Spread through field and meadow
  Music o'er my bier.

NAPOLEON.

THE ceremony of disentombing the corpse of Napoleon Buonaparte commenced at midnight, and was not concluded till the morning. The soldiers proceeded by torchlight; and the scene is described as having been peculiarly impressive and mournful.

WHAT solemn sight is here
  These warriors all around—
The torches burning clear
  Athwart that hallowed mound?
'Tis proud Napoleon's grave
  By St Helena's shore—
And, hark the rolling wave
  Its awful requiem pour!

The midnight blasts have stirr'd
  The willow's drooping leaf,
But sadder far, are heard
  The tones of bitter grief.
The clouds are dark and still
  Along the troubled sky;
But blacker shadows fill
  Each warrior's streaming eye.

Where sleeps the mighty king?
  The haughty conqueror, where?—
Alas! the raven wing
  Of death is floating there!

What recks your labour here,
  Why mourn the mouldering clay—
The grave-damps track his bier,
  The grave-worms seek their prey!

Behold—behold him now—
  The same majestic face—
The same monarchic brow—
  Death's cold and lingering trace!
Behold, 'tis he who brake
  The Imperial gates of Rome—
Who made the Austrian quake—
  Behold, behold his *tomb!*

His battles all are past,
  His conquests all are o'er—
And triumph's trumpet-blast
  Shall sound his fame no more.
Then, wherefore, would you bear
  The sleeper from his rest—
The Gallic eagle tear
  That slumbers on his breast?

Say, can this idle dust
  O'er Jena march again—
Or wield ambition's lust
  On Austerlitz' red plain?
The lightning eye is cold
  That glanced o'er Egypt's sand,—
That arm no more shall wield
  The falchion and the brand.

The star upon his crest,
  Is lustreless and dim;
The sword that won the West,
  Shall never flash for him:
Then shield him from your view,
  And close the mouldering bier—
Go, think of Waterloo,
  And *why* he slumbers here!

He would have swept the world
  With Gaul's triumphant host—
But lo, your Champion hurl'd
  From conquest to the dust:
Even thus Sesostris fell,*
  Even Alexander so—
And Rome's great annals tell
  Of glory sunk as low.†

And thou, Imperial France,
  Behold thy hero's tomb;

* After he (Sesostris) had reigned three and thirty years, he fell blind, and wilfully put an end to his own life; "for which," says the author, Diodorus Siculus, "he was admired not only by priests, but by all the rest of the Egyptians; for that as he had before manifested the greatness of his mind by his actions, so now his end was agreeable to the glory of his life"—a Stoical doctrine, which threw a similar dignity and lustre, in the minds of his followers, over the death of Cato.

† Julius Cæsar, it is known, was slain by conspirators, and Alexander the Great, according to the best authors, was poisoned by his Egyptian viceroy, Antipater, at one of the grand sacrifices to the gods, held in Babylon. The fate of Hannibal, and other celebrated heroes of antiquity, might also be cited as specimens of the retribution which often befalls those who sacrifice the good of mankind to the glory of ambition.

Through history's pages glance,
  And mark Ambition's doom:
A mightier King than this,
  Shall mark thee from the sky;
Whose lightnings never miss,
  His vengeance always nigh!

Then ye, whose game is war,
  Your pastime, strife and blood,
Around your fallen star
  In solemn sadness brood:
Behold Ambition laid,
  The mighty with the low—
Your Conqueror dismayed,
  And Death the victor now!

TYNEMOUTH PRIORY.

MAJESTIC image!—thrice three hundred years
  Thy battlements have frown'd above the wave:
Thou, 'midst the passion of earth's hopes and fears,
  Hast met the stormy tempests when they rave,
The ocean thy domain—thy home—perchance thy grave!

Hoary memorials of a distant day,
  Grim fragments of a remnant now no more;
How proudly still ye hold your ancient sway
  And stretch your giant shades along the shore,
A warning for the past, a theme for future lore.

Where priests and martyrs knelt in solemn prayer
Secluded far from human eye or ear,
Now mouldering ruins chronicle in air;
Where the loud organ-notes resounded clear
The night-winds linger round, and hold their revels near.

Where moved the long procession, winding by
O'er storied marble and unwasted tomb,
Now the green earth looks to the open sky
And the slant sunbeams penetrate the gloom,
Or spirits walk the night, lamenting for thy doom.

Where the rude Northern squadrons charged in vain,
Or the proud Danish navies swept the sea,
Now lave thy bulwarks the unconquer'd main
(The firm foundations of the brave and free,)
And dash in joy and pride, around thy belted knee!

Ah, little reck'd thy stately brotherhood
Of fallen grandeur, and of grim decay!
Ah, little deemed thy Prior as he stood
Gazing upon that wide and watery way,
Of perils yet to come, and penalties to pay;

That Rome should fall from her imperial pride—
The solemn dream, the venerable rite,
Her prayers and ceremonials decried!
That Time's rude blasts, and War's convulsive blight
Should crush her mouldering piles, her venerable might.

Gone is the sound of music, gone the power
Of the old worship, and the notes of praise;
The wild-bird nestles in thy ancient tower—
The wild-flower blossoms in each lonely place,
And where pale monks reposed, the ev'ning breezes race.

Oh there are lessons spoken by the dead,
Warnings prophetic, memories sublime,
How life and foul corruption still are wed,
Manhood and youth, our infancy and prime,
Age, sex, the first, the last, Eternity and Time!

Ponder, and as you ponder, drop a tear,
A not unfilial tear for those who sleep:
Behold, you walk upon a dead man's bier—
One who, like you, could hope, and think, and weep;
For you such slumber waits, as lasting and as deep.

And thus we learn all human things must perish,
Yon beauteous ships depart, those trees decay;
Each living man lose what he most doth cherish;
Love, beauty, hope, ambition, pass away,—
Dreams, phantoms of the hour, creations of a day.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE APPALLING ACCIDENT AT SOUTH SHIELDS.*

"In the midst of life we are in death."

It is not wealth alone,
Pride, pomp, nor pageantry;
The monarch on his throne,
The haughty and the high—
Not these alone demand the lay!
The muses have a tear for all,
The humblest dust, the simplest pall,
The universal clay!

Oh! mourn with me, the woeful sight,
These spirits wrapt in endless night,
This mighty human grave:—
Hark! the wild shrieks that rend the air,
Voices of misery and despair,
No helping hand to save.

The smoke of death rolls on—
The black funereal blast:
The suffocating groan
Tells of the spirit past.

* This poem refers to an awful coal-pit explosion, by which a great many lives were lost, and was written on a visit to my friend D. R. Leitch, Esq., M.D.

And, fatal as the Simoon dread,
Or lightning flash, or whirlwind's roar,
Or billows o'er a rocky shore,
The blast sweeps o'er the dead.

This wrings the tear that fills each eye,
This barbs each heart with agony,
And rends the breast with woe;
Azrael, grim king, is hovering near
And rides upon his solemn bier—
Azrael the murderous foe!

Alas! the dawning light,
The birth of that sad day!
Children, and men of might
Beheld the matin ray—
Now gone to everlasting rest;
And mothers weep aloud,
Their offspring in the shroud
That slumbered at their breast!

The winds bear tokens of distress,
And wives lament in bitterness
Their husbands' funeral bed;
Deep wailings far salute the air
Of little children's wild despair,
O'er parents cold and dead.

Yet Hope, the cherub, smiles above,
Your God looks down with eyes of love—

He gazes from on high;
Triumphant over sin and death,
The earthly wears a heavenly wreath
In temples of the sky.

A glad and great exchange is theirs,
Immortal hopes, for narrow cares,
Removed from base desires;
With crowns of glory, lo! they stand,
Each with a sceptre in his hand,
Amidst the heavenly quires.

GUISBOROUGH ABBEY.

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind."

TEMPEST.

HAIL, mighty arch! hail, monarch of the vale!
Inspired by thee, I harp unto the gale.
No fabled gods, Apollo, nor the Nine,
Exalt my notes, the spell alone is thine;
Thy towering spires are burthen of my strain,
Pride of the poet, glory of the plain.

Yet, not this crumbling wall, this mouldering stone,
That lingering wild-flower, fragrant and alone,
Nor all the wonders of yon azure dome,
That showers its splendours o'er thy desert home,
Not these alone inspire the poet-hour,
But all the PAST starts forth with mighty power.

Lo, through the night of ages I behold
The pilgrim-fathers rear this giant mould;
Ere Roman guile, or Popes' imperious fraud,
Or Norman tyranny the patriot awed;
When Thor and Odin trembled and grew pale,
This lofty fabric rose to grace our vale.

Then 'twas a simple site;—the voice of praise
Rose calm and gentle, as a poet's lays;
Pure was the creed, angelic was the faith,
In truth eternal through the Saviour's death;
These holy monks no carnal falsehood knew,
The gold of Mammon, nor the harlot's hue,
But Christ himself, descended from the cross,
Truth undefiled, Religion without dross.*

Methinks I view thee in thy second birth,
See rites of joyaunce, list the shouts of mirth,
When all our quarries echoed with the glee
Of busy workmen toiling still for thee;

* Referring to primitive Christianity, as introduced amongst the Saxons, before it became polluted by the usurpations and abominations of Rome.

The noise of triumph startles me, when first
Thy giddy spires and domes to ether burst,
And all the mighty gladness fills mine eyes
To see thy towers and battlements arise.

Thou wert a glorious temple, such as stood
In Tadmor, Baelbec, or Dodona's wood!
Then from afar, to view thy arches, came
Whose praise was worship, whose devotion fame;
And maids and matrons in ecstatic glow,
Gazed on the lofty pile with sacred awe.

Alas! that Mammon, most accurs'd, who fell,
Ignoblest, meanest of the rout of Hell,—
With slime of snakes and adders dared defile
The noblest bulwarks that adorn'd our Isle;
Truth fled aghast, Religion bled and died,
And Christ again for gold was crucified.

Though Mammon-chain'd, yet must we fondly deem
Theirs was no idle, nor ignoble theme;
Did Lust incite, Idolatry enchain?
Their creed was heavenly, heavenly their domain:
What though their faith were languid, cold, and chill,
Religion breathed from every vale and hill;
These sov'ran heights, this fresh and verdant glade,
These Eden-gardens, and reposing shade,
And all the wonders Nature holds in store,
Would cheer their spirits with seraphic lore.

Yea, worship from the mountains and the sky,
The starry concave and the domes on high,
Or, when the seasons ran their various race,
Had power all darker passions to efface;
Those peaceful clouds, each calm and azure spot,
Yon holy moon might quench all restless thought;
And love, and beauty, raise th' aspiring glow,
Such as the Prophet-Bard in Patmos saw!

Hail, fane august! hail, venerable tower!
Even thus I saw thee in sweet boyhood's hour:
Even so, in majesty thou didst appear
Ere hope was dim, ere sorrow left a tear.
Bright were thy towers and lovely—bright and fair,
When first with dread I clomb each broken stair;
Since then, what fears, what exultations mine,
But thou art still erect and half divine!

Thus hast thou gazed on generations dead,
Thus wilt thou brood along *my* funeral-bed;
Yea, from thine eyrie, where the owl doth dwell,
Hooting to night its sad and dismal knell,
Thou hast beheld the monumental stone,
The sepulchres of generations gone!
Of manly sires, in woe and silence dead,
Of silver'd matrons, to oblivion wed,
Of youth and beauty mouldering in the tomb,
Of cherub-childhood in its final home;
Hast heard (if ought of consciousness be thine!)
The husband weep, the lover mourn and pine,

And, gray thyself with hoary streaks of time,
View'd genius perish in its proudest prime;
And, like Palmyra weeping o'er its woes,
Felt human pains, and agonizing throes!

Tombs of my kindred!—reverential bier
Of her the most beloved, the ever dear;
Sister and friend, and teacher, always good,
Pride of the vale, and grace of womanhood;
Gentle of heart, of pure and lofty mind,
To me, to all, most generous, most kind;
O, snatch'd in bloom of loveliness and youth,
The soul of virtue, cynosure of truth;
Too early taken from this vale of tears,
Too early nipt by Fate's unbidden shears,
Why should I hide the impulse of my heart?
Why chain the lyre, beloved as thou wert?
Thy dying words and blessings were for me,
The Poet's Epitaph I leave to thee:
And 'neath that Abbey's venerable shade,
Beside thy hallow'd bones shall mine be laid!

* * * * *

The monks are gone, their vespers heard no more,
The oriel beams no longer light the floor!
Yon eastern clouds, with morn's effulgence bright,
No more shall touch thy fanes with golden light;
Still is the organ's voice, the song of prayer,
The sacred incense faded on the air;

Gone are the cloister shades, the sculptured stone,
The holy altar,—all its glory gone:
The blasts of winter sweep each lonely way,
Where once the cowled fathers knelt to pray;
And all that solemn pomp and pageantry
Is bare and bleak to tempests and the sky!

But, where thy fanes august and pillars stood,
That erst extended far, and unsubdued,
Now swells a purer dome to greet the air,
Now joyful sounds the vesper-bell of prayer;
The swains and shepherds hear it o'er the hills
Notes sweeter than the music of the rills;
The peasant, brooding in the distant dell,
Hears the soft chimes 'midst evening's breezes swell;
At Christ's own shrine their purest homage pay,
And crowding onward greet each Sabbath day:
Blessings be with them!—may such incense rise
From age to age in rapture to the skies!

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE WRECK OF THE SHIP "LOCKWOOD."

THE American ship "Lockwood" presented a still more afflicting sight. When the people from the steamer reached her, they found in the poop alone thirty dead bodies, while below there were about the same number. They took all the survivors except two, a man, and his wife who was dying, and *the man would not leave her, so was drowned.—Liverpool paper.*

> "O what are thousand living loves
> To one that will not leave the dead."
>
> BYRON.

THE loud winds roll'd above them,
  The loud waves roll'd below;
But louder than the tempest's roar,
  And the winds o'erwhelming flow,
Were the shrieks that rent the firmament,
  Where that ship reel'd to and fro.

The black clouds frown'd in terror
  O'er the wild sea-caverns there;
But blacker than the murky night,
  Or the dread tempestuous air,
Was the gloom that bound these mariners
  In that midnight of despair.

Alas! the human agony—
  Affection's passionate faith—
When the whirlwind's stormy thunder
  Stopt fast each seaman's breath;

How terrible the force of love
  That *will not part in death!*

It was a dreadful history
  That sad and woeful day,
To tell what weight of living trust
  In Death's embraces lay:
How mightier far than mountain wave
  Was *Nature's* giant sway.

So beautiful! so human!
  The lover and the wife!
So true the heart—so firm the clasp—
  Unwrench'd 'mid Ocean's strife—
That gave for love earth's dearest gift
  And sacrifice—his *life!*

And where is he, the husband?
  The mourners, where are they?
Far o'er the wide Atlantic,
  His laughing children play;
And the *two*, so fondly cherish'd,
  Dwell in eternal day.

In heaven's serene dominion,
  Where nor storms nor tempests rave;
Beyond the world's commotion,
  Beyond or wind or wave—
They join the blest Redeemer,
  The Conqueror of the grave.

LINES TO A LITTLE GIRL.

THY brow is fair, my little maid,
And in the light, or in the shade,
  Thine eyes are calm and clear;
Thy footsteps touch the living flowers,
As if an angel from the bowers
  Of heaven were lingering near.

Sweet thoughts and pure delights are thine,
Bright dreams, and memories that entwine
  Their fairy wreaths around;
The spirits of the stars, in sleep,
Around thy couch their vigils keep,
  And seraph voices sound.

To thee the earth is free from stain;
There is no shadow on the plain
  Whereon thy footsteps flow;—
No storm upon the smiling sky—
No tear-drop in thy lustrous eye—
  No sorrow on thy brow.

Earth cannot press on such as thee,
A little angel in thy glee,
  A fay in bower and hall;

A Naïad sitting by her cave,
A mermaid on the summer wave,
  When evening's breezes call!

What eye can look upon thy face,
And not behold a heavenly trace—
  A something from on high?
And when thou ramblest forth afar,
Not Dian by the morning star,
  Was fairer to the eye!

And music's tones will soon be thine,
To wake the harp-strings, all divine,
  To weave the winning song;
Knowledge shall wave her wings of light,
The heavens shower glories on thy sight,
  And wisdom clothe thy tongue.

And as the youthful hours move on,
The awakening Loves shall glide along
  That bosom pure and fair;
And when the evening shades are near,
Affection's words shall thrill thine ear—
  A lover murmur there.

Yea, as the sunlight clothes thy brow,
And the low breezes sing as now,
  A lover court thy side—
And touch the lapses of thy heart,
And woo thee with a lover's art,
  And win thee for his bride.

And thus—a constant summer time—
Thy years shall wear a healthful prime
  Of beauty, love, and joy;
And gentle children round thy knee,
Enchant the hours with jocund glee—
  Delights without alloy.

For on the starlight of thine eyes,
On that sweet brow like moonlit skies,
  And on that cherub face,
Mortality hath not a care,
Nor grief can have its dwelling there,
  To dim such heavenly grace.

Blessings be with thee, little one!
Blessings when I am far and gone,
  And all thy life be bliss:
Blessings surround thy radiant brow,
Blessings in distant years as now,
  And peace and happiness!

May 1, 1841.

"WHAT IS LOVE?"

"WHAT is Love?"—an idle pleasure,
Full of labour, full of leisure,
Without limit, without measure—
  Never understood.

"What is Love?—now pray declare."
Neither earth, nor sea, nor air;
Rain nor sunshine, dark nor fair,
Fashion, shape, nor form.

Like chameleon's hues it is—
On its lips an angel's kiss—
Full of balm, and peace, and bliss—
Full of hope and truth.

Fragrant as a wild-flower's breast,
Beauteous as the sunlit West,
Gentle as an infant's rest
In the hush of sleep.

Heavenly seraphs guide its feet,
Winds of ether not more sweet;
Cold, yet warm'd with summer's heat—
Chaste, and pure, and free.

Guard the portal! watch the pyre!
For the breath of rude desire
Quenches quite its sacred fire,
Lambent and serene.

"What is Love?"—The soul of good!
Earth, ere stain'd with Abel's blood—
Charm and grace of womanhood—
Long may it be *thine*.

TO A GIRL OF FIFTEEN.

GENTLE, blooming spirit,
  Creature of delight!
Whence dost thou inherit
  Loveliness so bright?

Eyes as clear as morning,
  Locks that mock the noon,
Cheeks like eve's adorning,
  Forehead like the moon!

Naïad of the fountain,
  Mermaid of the sea,
Fairy of the mountain,
  Scarce can match with thee.

Not the snow-drop weeping,
  Not the hare-bell blue,
Not the violet sleeping,
  Are more pure than thou.

Virtue's every treasure,
  Love and truth divine,
Blessings without measure,
  Charming maid, are thine.

All the world 's before thee—
  Dreams of thought and sense—
All bright things adore thee,
  Shapes of innocence!

Fair thy path as Summer,
  Or the azure way,
When the stars outnumber
  All the blooms of May.

Thus, when storms are roaring,
  And the Winter 's near,
Thy spirit meekly soaring,
  Shall reach its heavenly sphere!

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MARY CHAPMAN,

DAUGHTER OF R. W. CHAPMAN, ESQ., M.D., ÆT. SIX YEARS.

"Whom the gods love, die young."

FAREWELL, thou little cherub,
  Sweet angel, fare-thee-well!
Frail was the chord, and tender,
  That bound thy mortal shell.

Alas! that voice is silent,
  So gentle, soft, and low;
Those eyes of winning gladness
  Have lost their summer glow.

Thou wert thy father's darling—
  Thou wert a mother's love;
But now thy seraph-spirit
  Regains the realms above.

The birds are singing gaily—
  They will not sing for thee;
The spring-flowers blooming brightly—
  Alas! *thou* canst not see.

Yet they shall blossom sweetly
  Upon thy early tomb;
The birds thy requiem carol,
  Lamenting o'er thy doom.

And they whom Christ regarded,
  The little children all,
In heaven's celestial mansions
  To thee from dust shall call.

And in the Godhead's presence
  Thy sainted soul will shine;
All shrived from earthly sorrow,
  Immortal and divine.

LINES TO A SNOW-DROP.

PURE as its snow-wreath is the flower
  That rises gently on the gale;
And meekly fair within thy bower,
  Like maid that lists her lover's tale.

And slender is thy virgin stem,
  And ghost-like wan thy silver bell:
Of earliest Spring thou art the gem—
  Of Winter's grave, the funeral knell.

Oh, lovely is thy crescent green,
  And lovely is thy cup of gold;
They dwell about thy heart serene,
  Like dreams of youth ere life is old.

Hail! harbinger of coming days—
  Of summer and its sunny hours!
The birds shall greet thee with their lays,
  And bless thee in their summer bowers.

For, as the rainbow spake of peace,
  Where Noah and his children stood;
So at thy smile shall Winter cease,
  And gladness spread o'er field and wood.

The biting storms, the tempests drear,
  No more shall rage o'er hill and plain;

'Tis past!—thy welcome tells us here
  That Spring renews her ancient reign!

Rejoice!—no more the weary snow
  Shall heap its pall on grass and flower;
The gales of Spring already blow
  In triumph o'er each woodland bower.

TO THE COUNTESS B——.

THE BEAUTIFUL, that brings our Eden back,
That plants a fresher Paradise on earth,
That scatters sweetest flowers upon our track,
And fills the vales with songs of joy and mirth—
  Beauty of stars, and sky, and summer tree:
  This is the poet's joy, his hope, or misery.

The shadow of the young and vernal world
When first the spheres their primal music brought;
When Chaos from his rocky throne was hurl'd,
And heaven illumed the caves of human thought—
  Then was the birth of beauty, *then* the ray,
  The morning sunlight of Love's cloudless day.

And what if Eden's flowers were bright and fair,—
The meadows lovely, and the heavens serene?—

There was not blossom sweeter on the air,
Nor star more radiant on the azure sheen,
  Nor flower that breathed more fragrant to the wind
  Than her the FIRST,—the mother of mankind!

Lady, the times are changed, the voice is o'er
That spake on earth, the joyous tones are gone;
But, though the lights of Eden please no more,
And Beauty, like a mourner sighs alone:—
  Yet, Lady, such as *thou* can'st bring again,
  The dream seraphic, and the Orphic strain!

LOVE was young Beauty's sister,—it was *thine:*
It mingled with thy life, and made thee wise
With heart entrancements, harmony divine,
As morn with warmer light illumes the skies;
  And *he* the lord and king of British Song
  Thee worshipp'd most, amid the courtly throng:—

With thee to gaze on blue Italian skies,
To wander where old Alps majestic reigns;
Where Jura, in his giant terror lies,
And Arno rolls through wide and fertile plains—
  And Beauty mingling with the Poet's lyre,
  Waken'd the chords, and lit the Prophet fire.

O hope! O joy! that I, whose humble note
Was bounded by my native hills and vales;
Whose strain is known but to the desert spot,
Or, murmurs faintly to the mountain gales—

Should know thy smile, and feel thy honour'd name
Infuse fresh impulse to the work of Fame.

The glow of youth is fresh upon thy face,
The flash of feeling glistens in thine eye;
Still are thy motions ripe with winning grace,
And white-robed thought illumes thy forehead high:
Nor courtly halls, nor concourse proud and gay,
Have dimm'd thy soul, nor quench'd thy former sway.

Fair Lady,—o'er the hills, and o'er the sea,
From the far valley, hear a Poet's strain;
If poor the gift, the offering is free—
Free from a heart that bows to Beauty's reign;
Nor gold could buy it, nor the monarch's throne,
But loveliness, and truth, and THEE alone!

THE BELOVED.

How beautiful the morning
Of memory far away;
How gentle the returning
Of each delightful day:

When thou and I together,
Within the Summer groves,
Or on the hills of heather,
Proclaim'd our youthful loves.

The evening's richest glory
  Along the burnish'd skies,
Told not so sweet a story
  As *thy* celestial eyes.

Oh, the tones that linger ever—
  The voice that once I heard:
Like some lone, enchanted river—
  Like some gentle fairy bird.

The smiles that play'd so lightly
  O'er that glad and child-like face;
The glow that burn'd so brightly—
  Still, still I fondly trace.

They whisper—"Did I love thee?"
  "Didst thou live within my prayer?"
Yea, the azure heavens above thee
  I deem'd not half so fair.

Day thought, or morning slumber,
  Thy vision dwelt in mine;
And beauties without number
  Proclaim'd thee all divine.

And still the joyous feeling
  Of that spring-time doth appear;
The glad, the bright revealing,
  Of an angel once so dear.

LAURA.

Dark her hair as winter night,
  When the storm-clouds meet the blast;
Dark as pine-groves, when the blight
  Of autumn's winds float wildly past.

Yet her locks are bright and long,
  Veiling neck and bosom fair;
And in raven clusters throng
  O'er the snowy hillocks there.

Bright her eye, as amethyst,
  Soft as shadows in a stream,
Mild as moonbeams through the mist
  Of a youthful bridegroom's dream.

Loveliest thoughts are pictured there,
  Absent memories, raptures gone;
Glances from a holier sphere,
  Like a prayer-entranced nun.

Clear the marble of her brow,
  Forehead fair, and pure, and high;
Crown and garland there might grow
  Where the locks so careless lie.

Pomegranate, nor nectarine,
  With thy velvet cheeks compare;
Like the eastern heavens divine,
  Warm and soft as summer air.

Rich those lips as tints of even,
  When the ocean clasps the sun;
Fragrant as the winds of heaven
  That o'er violet-blossoms run.

Bright those snowy pearls that grow—
  Walls of ivory all around:
Sweetly do the murmurs flow
  Of each note's melodious sound.

And her bosom 's rich and fair,
  Like snow-wreaths in the early spring,
When the sunbeams warm and clear
  Touch them with their orient wing.

Virtue's richest treasures rest
  'Neath that lovely citadel—
Rarest charms of woman's breast
  In its sacred caverns dwell.

Light her step, as mountain deer,
  Chamois, or the bounding fawn;
And she glances far and near,
  Like creature of the silver dawn.

O, my Laura, fair and young,
  Blessings crown thee, Love divine;
Brighter maid ne'er poet sung—
  Sweeter ne'er was pledged in wine.

So to her the village queen,
  Raise the bumper—fill it high—
"Laura of the village green,
  Laura of the coal-black eye!"

"DO YOU REMEMBER?"

"REMEMBER!"—dost thou ask me,
  False siren as thou art?
Why, ingrate, wouldst thou task me?
  Behold this breaking heart!

"Remember!"—How I loved thee
  These weary eyes can tell!
When passion never moved thee,
  Where should remembrance dwell?

Go, ask the star of even—
  Say, doth it love the moon?
That ploughs the vaults of heaven,
  Nor leaves it late or soon!

"Remember!"—In the forest,
  When spring-flowers blossom free,
There is not bird adorest
  Its mate, as I loved thee.

I've kiss'd the moss, grown brighter
  With sunshine of thy feet;
To hear thee made me lighter,
  My heart with passion beat.

Thy vision blest my pillow—
  In silence thou wert there;
Or, sweeping o'er the billow,
  I saw thee bright and fair.

Pure, fragrant as the May-flower,
  When morning dews arise;
Sweet as a woodbine bower
  Wert *thou* unto mine eyes.

Yet, yet, I would not blame thee,
  Ungrateful though thou be:
I weep whene'er I name thee—
  Yea, *still* I worship THEE!

SONG OF MIRIAM.

"And Miriam the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went after her, with timbrels and dances."

EXODUS, x. 20.

COME daughters of Israel, the bright and the fair,
Come forth from your tents, (all unbraided their hair,
Their dark eyes wild flashing, their arms waving high,)
And beat the loud timbrel with dances of joy.

Then rush'd the proud damsel in gladness along,
And sung to the people the festival song;
O none of the children of Judah like her,
With the sackbut, and timbrel, and sweet dulcimer.

"Hark! people of Israel, and prophets of God,
Behold where your cohorts and legions have trod!
Those waves that roll slow in the beams of the sun,
O'er the bones of ten thousand brave warriors run.

"Ye trod them as victors—they knelt when ye came—
And crouch'd like young fawns at the sound of HIS name;
But the heathen swept onward in darkness and gloom,
The weed is their laurel, their harvest the tomb!

"Louder still strike the timbrel!—again and again—
Let the shout of your triumph be heard o'er the plain;

The mountains shall echo your strains of delight,
And the rivers and forests in chorus unite.

"Praise, praise for the Giver, and praise for the brave,
The God of our fathers, the chosen to save:
He smote the Egyptian,—He spake—we were free—
He guided our legions o'er mountain and sea.

"Like tempests of winter, like billows unbound,
The armies of Egypt encompass'd us round;
But the voice of the Lord like a trumpet was heard,
And the waves stood abash'd and acknowledged His word.

"Woe, woe to the sleeper, the rock is his bed,
The cliffs of the ocean now pillow his head;
The arm that was strong in the press of the fight,
And the breast all undaunted, are quench'd in their might.

"Woe, woe for the temples and summits of stone!
Woe, woe for the mighty, the monarch, the throne!
The bright and the lovely shall mourn for the hour,
When Pharaoh encompass'd our tents in his power.

"But Israel shall sing whilst the night and the day
With sunbeams and starlight in radiance lay;
And the God of our people shall hear us afar,
To shield us in quiet, and guard us in war."

THE BELIEVER AND THE SOCIALIST.

A DIALOGUE.

SOCIALIST.

THERE IS NO GOD! God is a monster God!
Hatred and curses 'tend your idol's nod.
God is a tyrant king, a king of blood,
Who damns alike the wicked and the good.

BELIEVER.

There is no God? What impious slave art thou,
That thus to heaven darest lift thy mocking brow?
Say, rude blasphemer, who, but God the wise,
The great, the good, lit up yon azure skies?
Who framed yon sun, so glorious and so bright,
To bless the nations with his genial light?
Who spread yon fleecy clouds, sustains yon arch,
Through which the storms, heaven's fierce battalions, march?
Who lit yon myriad eyes that watch the earth?
Who gave the thunders and the lightnings birth?

There is no God? The humblest woodland bower
Proclaims Almighty gentleness and power.
The wild-bird's note, the rapid eagle's flight,
The wild-deer rushing like a flash of light,

The torrent whirling in a cloud of spray,
The stormy ocean, and the inland bay,
Even that small insect, glittering in the sun,
Tells of a First Great Cause—a mighty ONE;
Earth, ocean, air, morn, night, alike proclaim
God, the beginning, God the primal name!

"God is a monster God?" A monster thou,
To brave high heaven with this unseemly vow!
Who gave thee *sight*—that strangely curious power—
One narrow circle for its priceless dower?
That sweeps the realms of ether's boundless space
And clasps broad nature in its wide embrace.
Who tuned the harmonious shell that o'er thy brain
Breathes music sweeter than young Orpheus' strain;
And through the sinuous caverns of thine ears
Pours notes more wondrous than the fabled spheres?
Who shaped that fleshy tube, that so the air
Might steep thy soul in fragrance rich and rare—
That wings sweet odours on the balmy west,
Borne from each vale, each wild-flower's virgin breast?
Who, with nice sense, robed every mortal part,
Attuned each pulse that swells thy beating heart?
Braced every muscle, 'stablish'd nature's reign,
Strung every nerve that thrills along thy brain?
WHO? All mankind obey HIS sovereign nod,
The great, the just, the omnipresent God!

SOCIALIST.

Prate on vain babbler! In such strain hath man
Worshipp'd a PHANTOM, since the world began.

Thor, Woden, Brahmah, Vishnou, Thoth, and Jove,
Each in their turns have ruled the realms above!
Think'st thou I heed the dogmas of thy schools,
The rage of pedants, and the gaud of fools?
Thou kneel'st! So doth the senseless Pagan pray
To stocks and stones, to things of wood and clay.
Thou kneel'st! What seest thou? Aught but idle air?
Go, chase the clouds—to echo give thy prayer.
If God there be—lo! let thy God come down:
I spurn his mandates and defy his frown!

BELIEVER.

Peace, rude blasphemer! Madman, fear'st thou not
Heaven's fires will scorch thee and earth's mildews rot?
Fear'st thou not HIM who stay'd the ocean's wave,
Ere roll'd its billows o'er proud Pharoah's grave?
Who sent grim Azrael to the Assyrian king,
And swept his hosts with death's destroying wing!
Tamed the fierce lions, curb'd Belshazzar's will,
Made heaven's majestic orb—the sun, stand still.
Poor crawling worm, the God *thou* darest to scorn,
May crush thee, doom thee, ere to-morrow's morn:
For what art thou? A rain-drop in the sea,
A moment's space to all eternity!

Sun, moon, or stars—Thoth, Woden, Vishnou, Jove,
Though different names the self-same Godhead prove.
Since Chaos first his shadows roll'd away,
Since first the sun-god spread his cheering ray,

Since first fair verdure robed the fruitful sod,
The nations still have hail'd the self-same God.
"God, God the Father!" was the shepherd's song,
As o'er the earth's fresh hills he roam'd along;
The earliest mother praised the unknown power
That bore her harmless through dark sorrow's hour;
The aged patriarch, with his latest sigh,
Stretched forth his wither'd palms unto the sky!
And laughing children shrunk with sudden awe
When heaven obey'd the mighty monarch's law—
When thunders roll'd, or stormy winds might blow

CONCLUSION.

Hail, hail, ye nations! Hail the mighty king!
Creeds, empires, races, to his glory sing!
Thou, tawny son of Afric, hear his word,
And thou, dwarf'd son of Lapland, praise the Lord!
From India's centre to the frozen pole
Arise and glorify the God of all!
Obey HIM winds—waves, tempests, stay your wrath,
Thunders and earthquakes tread not in HIS path;
And you, ye fiery meteors that disturb
The midnight stillness of yon starry orb;
And you, dim shapes, that eclipse and deform—
The heralds of the tempest and the storm:
And you, volcanoes, that in fiery crowds
Shoot forth your lurid lightnings to the clouds,—
Praise, praise the great Omnipotent above
Who guides your terrors with the hand of love.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN NEWCASTLE THEATRE, TO MISS F. B——.

WHENCE and whither, lady fair?
Lady of the earth or air!—
Is she of the earth or air?—
Lovely Fanny Brandling!

Clear as marble is her brow,
White her neck as driven snow,
And her cheek hath summer's glow,
Charming Fanny Brandling!

Grace and beauty round her lie,
In the depths of her dark eye,
If she smile, or if she sigh,—
Graceful Fanny Brandling!

O, with thee one summer hour,
Musing in some woodland bower!
Thine the spell, and thine the power,
Gentle Fanny Brandling.

Happy angels could not be
Happier then than I with thee!
Loving nearts and fancies free,
Angel Fanny Brandling.

LINES

DESCRIPTIVE OF A DAY'S ANGLING AMONG THE HILLS.

How beautiful the hour and day,
So bright the sun's awakening ray,
    So glorious in the east:
And, lo! what showers of radiance fall
O'er hill, and vale, and waterfall,
    A treasure and a feast.

Fresh is the grass beneath our feet,
And incense, from each floweret sweet,
    Perfumes the glowing mead;
Like diamonds from Golconda's deep
Morn's dew-drops with the heath-bells sleep,
    In rainbow-spangles spread.

From hedgerow, meadow, verdant tree,
I hear the joyous minstrelsy
    Of summer's early time;—
The firstling music of the year,
When youth is fresh, and hope is clear,
    And nature feels her prime.

And now, my friend, the valley past,
The woods a darker shadow cast
    And woo us to their shade;

Each sinuous path, each lonely way,
Each moonlit dell, where fairies play,
    Each nook and mossy glade.

The flush of morn, how sweet, how dear
This fragrant smell, this music clear,
    This thick embowering wood:
Here Love might fix her surest home,
Here Peace and Contemplation come
    And dwell with Solitude.

Higher, and higher still, we climb,
Where oak-trees, in their vernal prime,
    And swarthy firs ascend;
And lo, this almost noiseless spring!
What memories do thy waters bring,
    What boyhood visions send.

And now the wide and lonely waste,
Grim Desolation rudely cast
    In wilder'd fragments round;
A savage stillness, black as night,
Unstirr'd, save by the plover's flight,
    Or heath-cock's shrilly sound.

Onward again, and from its bed
Of silken grass, and moss-grove spread,
    The tiny streamlet laves;—
That little stream, a thread of gold,
Which soon shall sing with music bold,
    And mix with Ocean's waves.

Sweet mountain-brook, that never knew
Unhallow'd touch, pollution's hue,
    Pure as the skies above:
Whose voice is sweet as childhood's is,
Whose face is innocence and bliss,
    Whose bowers are bowers of love!

Whilst, ever and anon, arise
Wild notes and measures in the skies,
    Far creatures of the air;
Or, with a motion proud and high,
The graceful heron seeks the sky,
    As heaven's own colours fair!

And sometimes, white as spots of snow,
The lambkins wanton to and fro,
    So beautiful, so bright!
Or, distant as a summer cloud,
The lonely gled-hawk shrieks aloud
    Amid the azure light.

Gaze we around!—Such gleams as these,
Not oft the wandering pilgrim sees,
    Thus lofty, thus serene;
In giant heaps of massy mould,
The mountains stretch their foreheads bold,
    A vast Titanic scene.

Desert, and heath, and craggy rock,
That dread not winter's thunder-shock,
    Nor autumn's fiercest blast;

That, for ten thousand years have stood,
Breasting the tempest and the flood,
    In earth's embraces fast.

Homes of the dauntless and the free,
The chosen sons of liberty,
    Her lion-champions brave ;—
Britons, and heroes, such as bore
Caractacus through seas of gore,
    The wilderness their grave!

Or from those summits towering forth,
Your beacon-fires illumed the North,
    And glared upon the night,—
Pyres potent as a wizard's spell,
To summon up from every dell
    Arm'd warriors for the fight.

And vales of beauty and repose,
Vales fragrant as the summer rose,
    Rejoice the admiring eye ;
Field, cottage, hedgerow, garden-plot,
And many a rare and sunny spot
    In rich profusion lie.

But pause we here!—the broken arch,
Uprooted by the torrent's march,
    (The growth of winter snows ;)
Invites the angler's silent art,
And speaks unto his brooding heart
    Of Time's incessant throes.

Here memory paints the mouldering stone,
Summers ago, when, towering lone,
This ancient relic stood—
With weeds and ivy garlanded,
And wild-flowers deck'd around its head,
The temple of the flood.

And, hearken, comrade!—Sweet the stream
Murmurs, like voices in a dream,
A thousand various notes;
Now, tinkling like a silver bell,
Now, gushing with a trumpet's swell,
Or, like a zephyr floats.

Whilst flowers of every form and hue,
Snow-white, or pink, or azure blue,
Primrose, and violet fair;
And mossy streaks that kiss the wave,
Or, stringy heath the waters lave,
Like locks of kelpies' hair.

And, darting past, more swift than light,
Or arrows in the thickest fight,
The finny creatures fly;
The choicest of the watery brood,
Monarchs and rulers of the flood,
Delight of angler's eye.

Great conquests shall be ours to-day,
Grand triumphs for the festive fray,
Rare spoils to deck the board:

Not helmed king can boast in fight,
Of gold and silver half so bright,
Achieved by warrior-sword.

Lo, how the royal creature shows
How rich his burnish'd corslet glows,
Deep and intense and clear!
The sunbeams scarce can match with him,
Topal and finest pearl look dim
Within that crystal sphere.

And now with panniers' ample store,
Let us the neighbouring grove explore
Beneath yon cottage lone:
A birch-tree grove, with silver stems,
The mountain-tower of diadems,
High on its rocky throne.

Fair and erect the foliage streams,
Tender and trim with shooting gleams,
White as the virgin snow;
Or ghostly fair, like rays that rove
At midnight, through a fir-tree grove,
Which wandering moonbeams throw!

Trees venerable, august, and old,
Such as our fathers might behold
Ere Rome's proud legions came;
Where, erst the giant elk might roam,
The wild-deer find his mountain-home,
Or prophet kneel to Fame.

Here let us rest: that cottage fair,
Whose spiral wreaths ascend the air,
    And curl above the trees;
That simple hut will find us food,
Fare that might make a monarch proud,
    And liberal as the breeze.

Not scantly given, with sidelong glance,
Not craving as for sustenance,
    But hospitable and free:
Oh, it is gladness to my heart,
To think, my country, what thou art,
    Thou empress of the sea!

Thy peasants, glory of the earth,
Pride of the land that gave them birth,
    Still generous, undefiled;
Theirs is the liberty of soul,
The open hand, the heart for all,
    In equal measure piled.

Zealous, and hardy; men of might;
Firm and undaunted in the right;
    Outspoken, frank, and bold;
Free from pretence or shallow airs,
Of England's glory still the heirs,
    And valiant as of old.

Not sharp, nor cringing—city-born—
But bold and vigorous as the morn,
    And fresh as morning's hues:

With something of the eagle's pride,
And the wild winds that o'er them ride,
    And what the hills infuse.

Who is the dastard would embroil
These noble standards of the soil,
    Or break their iron power?
Such are the champions of the land,
Such are old England's Spartan band,
    Her bulwark and her tower!

Alas, that ruin'd hut's bare walls!
No more the joyous shepherd calls
    His lambkins o'er the moor;
No more the pretty milkmaid sings
Her even-song, and carollings,
    Or featly treads the floor.

The chimney hearth is drear and cold,
The chimney nook, so glad of old,
    Is blank and fireless grown!
The happy father, where is he?
The cheerful matron, where is she?
    Where are the children gone?

Once 'twas a pleasant spot, and here
Dwelt sweet affections, memories dear,
    Of human hopes and fears:
Now sweep the night-winds, roars the blast,
Pleasure, and love, and joy, are past—
    It is a place for tears!

Yet not less sweet the wild-flower blooms,
Nor summer's breezes waft perfumes
Along thy crumbling wall;
Nor less the peaceful shades of heaven
Glide softly o'er thy roof at even,
Than greet the palace-hall!

Still press we on through moor and bog,
O'er sedgy swamp, and mildew'd log,
A wild and desert way;
Such pilgrimage of old was made
By wandering minstrel undismay'd,
Ere scorn'd the poet's lay!

For here the Percy's castle stood;
And Neville's pile graced yonder wood;
There dwelt the bold De Bruce:
And ladies, loveliest of the land,
Rejoiced to hear the poet's hand
His dulcet notes diffuse!

'Tis gone! The heavenly dew is dry
That passion spread o'er beauty's eye—
The smile that kindled then.
The poet's bays are sear and dead,
The laurel faded from his head,
The glory from his pen.

Leagues, weary leagues! and still the sun
In steady splendour gazes down;
The sky is bright and clear:

And far around as utmost gaze,
The mountains stretch in vast amaze,
    And dim the hemisphere.

The southern airs blow soft and warm,
The wandering bees in giddy swarm
    Hum sweetly all around;
And voices, as of mighty things,
Roll solemn, like archangel's wings,
    A strange, majestic sound!

Is it the thunder-breath that swells
Electric from ten thousand dells?
    Or Ocean's hollow roar?
Or, have the rocks and caves a voice,
When Nature's self is bid rejoice
    Till Time shall be no more?

Cairns of the mighty! desert graves!
Lone monuments of kings or slaves,
    Drear tombs and sepulchres—
A heap of dust, a pile of stones,
Is record sole of warriors' bones,
    Of human loves and cares!

Say, fought they here, the lion-band,
Who bore for Briton's queen the brand,
    And perish'd in the fight?
Shroud these the limbs of giant mould?
Champions of freedom, heroes bold,
    Defenders of the right!

Peace to their ashes! Drop a tear;
And, kneeling by the victor's bier,
Lament for them who fell:
"Honour, and praise, and glory due,
Immortal ones, be given to you,
Who lived and died so well!"

Again, yet once again, and lo,
What glory from this mountain's brow,
What splendour strikes the view!
Say, is it mortal vision this?
That gorgeous vale, those bowers of bliss?
Yon heaven's empurpled hue?

The sun is sinking in the west,
And cloud on cloud with light opprest,
Like willing vassals crowd:
Not Indian prince, nor Persian king,
Not even Aladdin's wondrous ring,
Can rear such temples proud!

Silver, and gold, and ruby towers—
Pillar and dome—such scope is ours—
A realm of glorious size:
Like vision never dawn'd before,
Or glow'd on pale enthusiast's lore,
Or opium-dreamer's eyes.

Bright summer groves, how glad ye are!
Oh happy vales, like Eden fair,
Pure gardens of delight;

And thou, far river, rolling slow,
Circled with many an orient glow,
    And like a seraph bright!

Thus did I feel in boyhood's years,
Thus were my raptures turn'd to tears,
    My ecstasy to pain;
The weight of Nature, and her power,
The joy of inspiration's hour,
    The glory and the gain!

Nor worldlings know it, nor the crowd;
The vain, the ambitious, and the proud—
    The heavens are dim to them:
Poets alone, or they whose hearts
Know wisdom which the muse imparts,
    Shall wear the diadem.

Blest native vale!—returning back,
Tracing each wild and dreary track,
    Watchful I turn to thee:
Yea, with a longing, deep and warm,
As true love seeks the embracing arm,
    Or child its mother's knee.

Behold that venerable pile,
Once pride and glory of the isle,
    And consecrate for all;
Ere Rome's imperious mandates fell
On Christendom, like bolts of hell,
    Then toppled to its fall!

There Piety, in meek repose,
Modest and fragrant as a rose,
    In peace and beauty dwelt;
And holy monks their vespers sung,
Or, praising God these shades among,
    Beside his altar knelt.

The evening chant is heard no more,
The oriel beams have left the floor,
    The cloister walks are gone;
Sole remnant now, that giant arch,
Through which the winter tempests march
    With dirge, and funeral moan.

No more! my harp is silent now;
The dews are moistening on my brow;
    The chords are mute and still:
The shades of evening gently fall
O'er church and abbey, grove and hall,
    O'er every vale and hill.

I only hear the ocean's roar
Break steadfast on the rocky shore,
    Or breeze that sadly wails;
I only see the vesper star,
Guiding the moon's celestial car,
    As through the night she sails!

May 3, 1841.

LINES

ON SEEING PORTION OF A WRECK ON THE SEA-SHORE.

I WALK along, the wind is roaring high
  And sounds amid the pauses of the waves!—
Rare glory this for poet's glistening eye
  To hear the tempest's trumpet how it raves,
  And hear the thundering sea, among the rocky caves.

Unto what ship did this frail spire belong?
  What shore resounded to her fearless prow?
What people echo'd forth the farewell song,
  As through the waves her stately footsteps plough,
  With streamers red and white upon her queenly brow?

Perchance there came tall Indians of the woods,
  Their greetings murmured in the savage tongue:
Great hearts long nourished in the solitudes,
  Where, in the chase, their sounding feet have rung—
  Perchance in fertile fields their choral voices sung.

What sights of heaven and earth have paved its way,—
  What multitudinous voices sigh'd around,—
What many glories of the night and day
  Have clothed it like a fiery vision round,
  While scarce her footsteps stirr'd the echo of a sound.

Ocean hath heard the fulness of her glee,
  The human life of that small greedy space;
Ocean, amid his wanderings far and free,
  Hath borne her pictured colours on his face,
  And, like a lover, sigh'd to see her queenlike pace.

There is no masquerading on the sea,
  Nor carved voice, nor stir of winged feet;
All minds are here undaunted, bold and free,
  To daring enterprise for ever meet:
  None e'er should venture here who walks the city street.

But there are ghostly shapes of rock and wood,
  Pale spectres shrouded in the ocean deep,
Unearthly forms that in the caverns brood,—
  Fierce, restless wanderers, that never sleep,
  That still, as on they go, for ever sob and weep.

And there loud wailings long ago were heard,
  When the fair sails that clad thee nestled down;
When all the many human hearts were stirr'd
  To hideous fears in quiet fields unknown;
  When the battalion'd waves rush'd on with shriek and groan.

And art thou then indeed some wander'd wreck?
  Sleep all thy souls within the pearly cave?
Roll'd the wild tempest on thy crowded deck?
  And is the gem-paved ocean now their grave?
  Alas, that God's still voice murmur'd not then to save!

I will not wander o'er that fearful day,
  For well I know the giant would not spare:
He cared not for affections far away,
  For sunny childhood with its rolling hair,
  Or youth that fares in joy, or age that pines in care.

Or in the battle strife didst thou delight?
  Swell'd all thy crew to one intense desire?
Stood they in glee amidst the cannon's light,
  Amid the thunder of the meeting fire,
  When rose the towering sea to be their funeral pyre?

Or quietly, with white sails glimmering gay,
  With home-wrought merchandise moved'st thou along?
I know not—here I greet thee in my way,
  Still listening as in joy to Ocean's song,
  While nightly spirits glide, procession-like, along.

Now clings the tangled weed where bright hues shone!
  Now sound drear winds where joyous voices sung!
The lively gladness evermore is gone,
  That, circling every heart, embracing hung—
  All sunk away, their knell by pitiless Ocean rung.

Thou mournful wreck, this seems a joyless place,
  Where thou may's silently upbraid the sea;
With piteous voicelessness thy storm-worn face
  Reproacheth its ingratitude to thee,
  Who, all thy glorious youth, had loved its waters free!

And this may scare us with a warning hand,
  That we should nourish this our fluttering heart,
Nor hunt of pleasures every wandering band,
  Nor offer up our love at every mart,
  But hold to peaceful dreams, lest we and they should
    part.

LINES.

Fair is the Moon, and lovely! through the night
  Silent she wanders: not a cloud is there—
Nor mountain mist disturbs her equal light:
  And lonely, save yon star that gems the air.

Oh, worlds of beauty which that orb encloses!—
  Forests, and groves, and seas of vast domain;
Where beauty in each sylvan bower reposes,
  And sylphs and fairies dance along the plain.

What gorgeous bowers, what sovran haunts are thine,
  Where the vast creatures through thy dwellings
    wander;
Temples august, and palaces divine,
  And sparry caverns, where the streams meander!

Even thus, O Moon, thy glory fill'd mine eyes,
Where Skiddaw and Helvellyn touch the skies!

MARY'S EYE.

"——— that eye, wild as the Gazelle's,
How brightly bold, how beautifully shy,
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells."
BYRON.

OH bright are the stars of the night, Mary!
Oh bright are the stars of the night!
And bright is the glow of the sunlit dew,
As it dwells in the cup of the hare-bell blue,
Gleaming with silvery light;
But I know of an eye that is brighter far
Than dew-drop in flower, or midnight star.

Oh dark is the midnight sky, Mary!
Oh dark is the midnight sky!
And dark are the depths of the shoreless sea,
As deeply dark as dark can be
To the midnight gazer's eye;
But I know of an eye of darker sheen
Than hath e'er in the sea or sky been seen.

Soft and clear is the gentle moon, Mary!
Soft and clear is the gentle moon!
And soft in its languid tenderness
Is the mist from the flower of the wilderness,
In the blaze of the sun at noon;

But I know of an eye whose dewy light
Is softer than flower-mist, or dew at night.

Oh bright is an angel's eye, Mary!
  Oh bright is an angel's eye!
When the dreaming man doth feel its ray,
In his sinful soul, like dawn of day,
  A herald from the sky.
But oh, even *that* is not so bright
As my Mary's eye of love and light.

GUISBOROUGH.

SONNETS.

THE WELL.

"Leap from thy mossy cavern'd bed,
Hither thy prattling waters bring;
Blandusia's muse shall crown thy head,
And make thee, too, a sacred spring."*

SUCH were the lines, my friend, at noontide read,
Roundly inscribed upon that antique well.
The little streamlet tinkled like a bell,
And murmur'd sweetly from its grassy bed;
A shower of primrose blossoms decked its head:
Whilst, from the hawthorn bowers, rich music fell
In quires of rapture, ringing through the dell!
Even thus, oh classic HALL, the glory spread,
When thou and STERNE, with Inspiration fed,
Reposing here, the liquid numbers rung;—
The same delightful glade, Elysian plain,
Rejoiced your spirits, brooding in this shade:
Alas! the place is silent where ye sung,
But Nature yet maintains her ancient reign.

* Sir John Stevenson Hall, the finest classical scholar of his time, resided near this spot, at Skelton castle; and the lines quoted may be fairly attributed either to him, or his intimate friend, the celebrated Laurence Sterne.

THE SPA.

All sounds of winds and waters are thy dower,
  Thy coronet the oak-trees towering high!
Here nature revels in her mighty power,
  With songs of earth and blessings of the sky.

O, hours of love within thy sheltering woods!
  Delights and raptures like the rainbow fair;
How blest were then thy sylvan solitudes,
  With youth, and hope, and *thee* Beloved there!

Bright are thy domes, O Memory!—as a dream
  Angelic are the temples tenanted:
The painter's vision, and the poet's theme;—
  With seraph-halos circled o'er thy head.

Joy for the Past and Future!—they shall be
Impulse and Inspiration unto me.

THE SYCAMORE.

"This sycamore, oft musical with bees,
Such tents the patriarchs loved."
Coleridge.

Bright is the scene, and lovely!—not a cloud
  Darkens the heavens, nor wind disturbs the air;
Only I hear the blackbird piping loud,
  Or throstle carol in his leafy lair:

Peace sits enthroned, the ruler everywhere.
And thou, huge sycamore, hast summer bowers
Of ease and plenty. There the yellow bee
Revels at will, and wantons 'midst thy flowers,
With fragrance, and the wild birds' minstrelsy.
Thy gifts are heavenly, and to heaven ascend—
Earth's hostage to the sunlight and the breeze;
A richer burthen do the seasons lend
Than silks of monarchs from the Indian seas—
And life and love are thine, queen of the forest trees.

THE RETURN.

As from the distant wars some love-lorn knight
The maid revisits, whom he woo'd of old—
And grieves full sore, that war and hostile fight
Had won from Beauty to adventure bold;
Even so lament I, and, when I behold
Glad native hill's, your glory and your pride—
See Nature's charms, each wood and verdant glade,
And hear the mountain-brook's rejoicing tide,
Or forest birds that warble in the shade:
O, then my bosom yearns for years departed,
Memories, and hopes, that gild the page of Time.—
Bright, glorious shapes awaken, long since parted,
When love, and youth, and joy were in their prime;
And tears start forth in many a gushing tide,
NATURE! that e'er I wander'd from thy side.

TO ROSEBERY.

CLEVELAND, each Yorkshire vale salutes thee king,
  And thou art watch-tower for the roaring sea;
  Hundreds of ship-wrecked tars have look'd to thee
As through the howling billows they did swing:
Thou soar'st aloft, as with an eagle's wing,
  Elate with looks of mountain sovereignty.
  Spring's earliest clouds rest on thy forehead free,
Spring's youngest flowers commence their blossoming
Within thy bowers:—to thee the birds first sing!
  And thou hast joyous pastures, verdant plains,
  Groves for thy subjects, mountains for thy slaves;
Yea, the fierce storms salute thee, mighty thing:
  Within thy cliffs the lordly eagle reigns—
  Cliffs coeternal with the winds and waves!

May, 1841.

THE ALUM ROCKS.

THESE rocks, now shrouded o'er with oak and pine,
Fern, bramble, flowering furze,—each rugged plant
Once shook with heavy toil through every mine,
And labour struggled for a nation's want.
The aspiring CHALONER, from hills of Rome,
Brought the rare art, and fixed it here—his home;

(For this the dread anathema was hurl'd
And Rome's imperious oriflamme unfurl'd:)*
Stately they rise, firm, steadfast and serene,
Nor Winter harms them, nor the Autumn rains,
Yon fir-trees are their coronals of green,
And still they tower majestic o'er the plains;
Alas! the noble peasants are no more,
But nature reigns, and shall for evermore!

WRITTEN ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

ANOTHER year is gone! Another year
  Of circling hopes and fears is pass'd away;
Changes have fallen upon this earthly sphere;
  Changes of tribulation and dismay.
Of true hearts wither'd, and of fond hearts gray!
  The sacred home, the dear domestic hearth
  Once blest with peace, have lost a note of mirth,
And mourn in lamentation those away;—
  Tears for the living, grief for the departed:
Ah me!—how many a green vale and lone river,
  Cottage and wood-side, weep for the true-hearted,
Passed to the final resting-place for ever.
  Grieve not, ye sad ones! there is hope above,
  And ye are nearer to the friends ye love!

* The anathema is the same quoted by Sterne as the curse of Ernulphus, and is published at length in the Notes to the first volume of "England," an historical Poem.

HIGH CLIFF.

HAIL, mighty cliff! hail, monarch of the plain;
  Brother of clouds, fit tenant of the sky!
  What mighty earthquake rear'd this remnant high?
From what fierce deluge first commenced thy reign?
Those rugged features tell of grief and pain,
  Those ghastly rents of fearful agony!
  And, say, what ancient people did espy
Yon towering summit, and its name ordain?
It recks not;—thou hast spurn'd the greedy main.
  Majestic, as when Druids worshipp'd there:
Thy ministrations more enduring stand
Than bloody rites of Saxon, or of Dane;
  And blessings greet thee from the summer air,
Showers, breezes, sunbeams, a perpetual band!

THE END.

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